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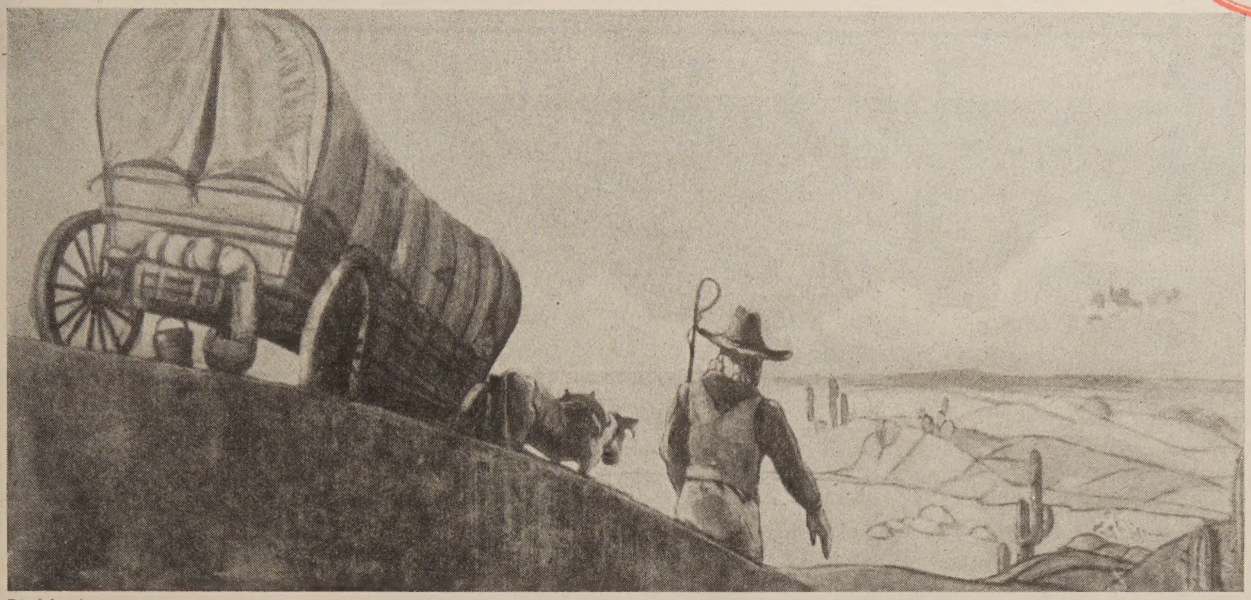
Berkeley, Calif.



Rindskopf

"BUILDING OF THE NATION"

A MURAL IN THE HALL OF RELIGION, A CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION

INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

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Official Publication of
THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
Hugh S. Magill, *General Secretary*

FEBRUARY, 1934 **CONTENTS** **Vol. X, No. 6**

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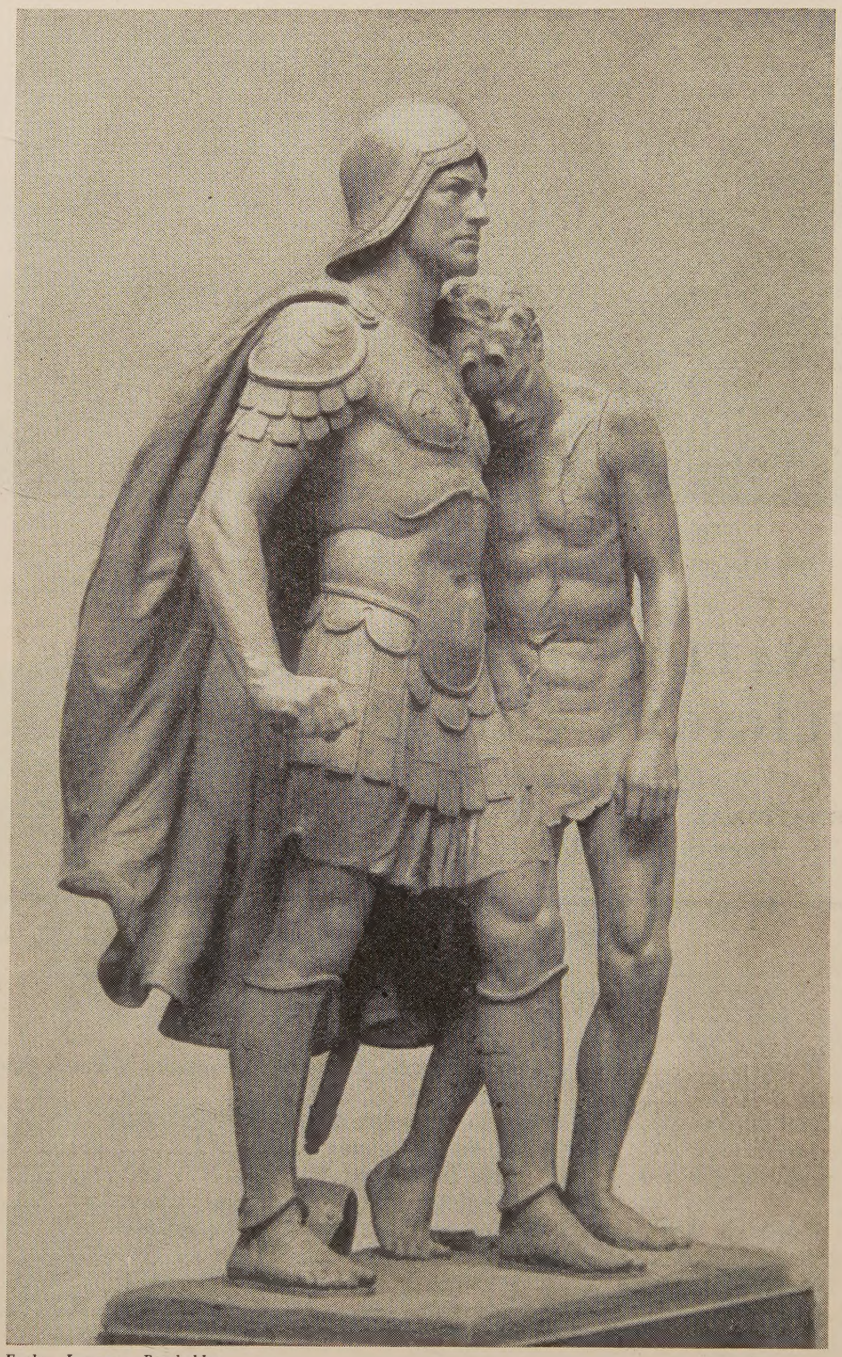
THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT AUGUST, BY THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Publication Office, 404 N. Wesley Avenue, Mount Morris, Illinois. Address all communications to the Editorial Office, 22nd Floor, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1932, at the post office at Mount Morris, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 412, Act of February 28, 1925, authorized January 6, 1932. Subscription rates: one year, $1.25. Three subscriptions in one order, $1.00 each. Clubs of five or more copies to one address, 90 cents each. Single copy, 15 cents. Same rates to foreign countries.



Evelyn Longman Batchelder

Often one valiant contender, wounded and stripped of his armor, must depend upon encouragement and protection from one who stands unscathed. This human need has been set forth in the group pictured above, a piece of work done by Mrs. Batchelder for the English High School in Boston. The successful warrior carries no weapon for his struggle is in the arena of the spirit.

EDITORIAL

The Journal This Month

LAST fall we ran a series of three articles telling how a large city church was re-thinking its program. We had expected at least four articles, but the group ran into difficulties and so the concluding records must wait some months. (Since these articles are actual reports of what happens and not the product of journalistic imagination, we editors could only wait.) In the meantime the articles we planned on a similar write-up for a small, one-room country church have come along. The first begins in this issue as "The Story of a One-Room Church." Two others will follow. These are part of the plan for reporting the actual process through which groups improve their work.

We commend these and the other articles, as well as our regular departments, to our readers.

Christians and Jews

THE relation of Christians and Jews to each other has been much in the public mind in recent months. There was recently delivered over Station WLWL, New York, an address by Reverend James M. Gillis, Editor of *The Catholic World*, which set forth in clear and impressive fashion the relationship between the Jewish and the Christian faiths. The address presented a view that is much needed these days and so we reproduce part of it here. He said, "We Christians consider ourselves to be direct and legitimate heirs to the Jewish religion. Our faith began in Judaism, and to this day is steeped and saturated with Judaism. It may be that a good many Jews do not know how Jewish is the Christian religion, but there is no excuse for a Christian not knowing that we have inherited a very great deal of the Jewish tradition and the Jewish spirit. We use the Jewish scriptures, we honor the Jewish heroes, the Jewish patriarchs, prophets, sages, and kings. We claim Isaiah and Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel no less than Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"Now, therefore, we have and can have no sympathy and no agreement with those who try to de-Judaize Christianity. To eliminate the Jewish elements from our faith would be to tear up and throw away the roots of the Christian religion."

We can agree with these words without lessening to any degree, any more than Mr. Gillis would do, our loyalty to those elements in our Christian faith that went beyond Judaism and added to it.

He goes on to say that ignorance of the purity and majesty, the beauty and high spirituality, of the Jewish religion is due, in part, to the fact that those Jews whom Christians have met are often apostate Jews, men and women who apologize for their faith, who, for social or business reasons, deny it or who neglect it altogether. These are, he says, "a bad lot." But he is speaking especially to Catholics, and he reminds them of the apostate Catholics who have brought discredit upon their faith as "corrupt politicians, or bootleggers, or gangsters who happen to have what is called a Catholic name."

We might add, too, that the sins of apostate Protestants have brought discredit upon their faith; so all of us can share the feeling that we ought not condemn any religion for the sins of its "bad" adherents. The point of the address by Mr. Gillis is to make clear the fact that when one begins a fanatical attack upon any religious group, a great deal of bad can be found in it; and that this fanaticism frequently leads to unforeseen situations. He reminds his hearers that to de-Judaize the Christian religion would mean doing away not only with the Old Testament, but also with the New; not only with Abraham and Joseph, Isaiah and Jeremiah, but also with Peter and James and John, Luke and Paul, and even with Jesus himself. He calls attention to the lengths to which the extremist in the anti-Jewish fanaticism of the Nazi's is going in suggesting the substitution, for our present Jewish religious personages, of the old Teutonic god, Wotan, the god of the big wind. This, he submits, is the way of madness, the madness which is the result of a policy of fanaticism.

In this spirit the genuine Christian can have no share.

"Ye All Can Swallow, and—"

A CERTAIN poet once saw his government attempting to increase the public revenue by taxes on liquor. He held such effort up to a stern rebuke and added:

> Drink and be mad, then: 'tis your country bids!
> Her cause demands the assistance of your throats.
> Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

This is no modern rhymester of the W. C. T. U. or the Anti-Saloon League. His name was Cowper and he wrote a century and a half ago.

In a pleasant valley of British Columbia some years ago, a travelling Sunday school secretary found the people who attended his conventions much excited because that county was to have its hospital, deferred for many years —and all because the provincial government had allotted from its profits from the sale of liquor enough money to make the hospital possible. The government some years before had said to its citizens, "Ye all can swallow." That grant of money did something to the temperance sentiment of that valley!

In an eastern province, also of Canada, a lifelong dry lay on his bed in his last illness. It was the house, and almost the room, in which he had been born. A mile away, or less, was the "Back Road," the hilliest, rockiest, toughest piece of land over which long-suffering farmers had ever tried in vain to build a permanent road. From boyhood to old age that man had hauled earth to cover those ledges and the rains had washed it away, leaving the roughest road known for many miles. And now—at last —there was a perfect and permanent road built by the extra grant of money from the government's profits in liquor. It, too, had said, "Ye all can swallow." And the lifelong dry contemplated the result and said, "You know, I am not so sure. . . ." That solid road had done something to the honest principles of a lifetime.

These two incidents are drawn from personal experience in a nation that went through the cycle of national prohibition and its repeal a dozen years or more sooner than the United States has done. In a great American city it is now seriously proposed that the first receipts from taxes on liquor be used to pay the long overdue salaries of the school teachers. On January 1, 1934, most American citizens had certain taxes eliminated because of the promise of their government that on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment the taxes on liquor would make up for these sources of revenue to the government—and on July 1 the last of these special concessions to all the citizens because of receipts from liquor will be made. It has been seriously asserted in high places that liquor taxes will help to balance the national budget. At least, the government is definitely depending upon these receipts. Without discussing the pros and cons of that government's policy as a whole, one can fairly say that such a plan lays it open to the charge of the poet, "Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more." When those school teachers, dry as they nearly all are, receive their sorely needed pay checks, something will happen to their temperance principles. And to all those citizens who will pay less taxes in 1934 because of liquor revenue something will also happen. Like the farmer reviewing his life from the detachment of his bed, they may also say, "After all, I am not so sure. . . . ."

It is pleasing—and just—for us drys to condemn modern governments for appealing to the love of money as a basis for their "wet" programs. But it may be that these governments have judged the public mind more accurately than we. In the future, "the profit motive" which has controlled the liquor interest may do much to control the public as well. Profit, personal gain, the desire for reasonable comfort and security—these may be among the greatest obstacles to legalized control of liquor in the next and imminent stage of the temperance movement. And so the truth may slowly dawn upon us that progress in temperance, as in all other partial phases of the total movement for human welfare, depends, among other things, upon basic changes in the social and economic order itself. For only in an unjust and unchristian social system could the superficial and destructive summons, "Ye all can swallow," have any appeal at all.

I Believe in the Power of a Purpose

An Article from the Creed of a Christian Educator

I believe in the Power of a Purpose.

As a teacher of religion, I have brooded lovingly over Life, and watched it in many forms.

I have rejoiced to see it soar—on a noble and enthroned purpose.

I have chilled as it has gone down—down—before my eyes—dragged by an unworthy ambition.

I have seen many efforts to lift and enrich it fail—because they could not touch the secret motives in the soul.

I have seen money and persons and time poured out lavishly on boys and girls—and all to no avail because a stray printed page or a corner loafer touched what they could not—ambition and desire.

Thus I have learned something of God's secret.

I have discovered that he who kindles desire changes life—that he who helps to nourish a life determination shapes a whole person and not a part—that he who implants and nurtures and shelters, and then trusts, a purpose in a growing person has done an awful and a joyous thing—and that these alone are the true teachers.

I would learn always of Him who gathered a small group of pupils around Him and through them changed the world because He said, "Come after me and I will make you to become. . . ."

I believe in the Power of a Purpose.

A Business Man Pays the Price

A WIDELY known advertising agency, N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., sometime ago cancelled one of its large contracts because the company with which the contract had been made, the Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., had decided to sell beer and hard liquors after repeal. Mr. Wilfred W. Fry, president of the Ayer Company, says that the return of liquor will divert an important share of America's mass purchasing power from essential commodities. This diversion, he says, may run as high as twenty per cent. A further statement by Mr. Fry will be of great interest to church people. He said:

"The moral questions involved in repeal can be left out entirely, but, from a purely business standpoint, we still cannot see a very happy result in the return of liquor. It is true that revenue from alcohol will contribute many millions of dollars to federal, state, and local treasuries, but this contribution, in the main, will be made by that class of the public which can least afford to make it. This was true before Prohibition, and it will unquestionably be true when Prohibition is repealed.

"The liquor business has not changed. When the thirty-sixth state has been lined up, it will be run by the same old crowd in the same old way. Many decades ago my firm adopted the policy of not advertising alcohol. The reason for this is simply that, as an advertising agency, we must identify ourselves so closely with the affairs of our clients that we are, in effect, a part of their business. In the case of a client who manufactures or distributes alcoholic beverages, this would create for us an impossible situation, since we would then be in the position of making alcohol attractive to the youth of this country. Furthermore, we do not wish to classify our other clients with the liquor business.

"This has been our policy since the last century. We believe in it so completely that we have cancelled our ten-year-old agreement with Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., a highly valued client, following that client's decision to engage in the manufacture and distribution of beer and whiskey after repeal. We regret, of course, the conditions which necessitated this step, but on a strictly business basis we are certain we are right."

International Council Convention

Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois
February 14-15, 1934

IF we could know whence we have come and whither we are trending, we would the better know what to do and how to do it." Thus spoke Abraham Lincoln at a turning point in the nation's history.

Some Searching Questions

At such a time as this it behooves all who are interested in the cause of Christian education to pause and ask some searching questions regarding the present status of our work, both in the denominational and interdenominational fields.

At what crucial points have we failed in our sacred task?

What significant successes have we achieved?

What new forces in our modern world make it wise to take stock afresh?

What contribution to the abundant life, of which Jesus spoke, is Christian education making today in the lives of individuals?

What are those imperishable gifts from the past that demand a fresh and dynamic interpretation in our day?

What answer does Christian education have for the sore needs of a distressed world?

In what ways must those responsible for this movement change its direction, re-think its program, and re-make its plans for the years ahead?

A Significant Convention

To answer such questions as these, the nineteenth quadrennial convention of Christian education has been called. It will be held in Chicago, Illinois, February 14 and 15, 1934, in connection with the annual meeting of the International Council. It will be one in a long and honorable line of such conventions held during the past hundred years.

The program is planned to make an honest evaluation of what has been accomplished; to take stock of our resources; to gain a clear vision of the unfinished task; and to discover what changes are needed to make Christian education more effective.

Opening Session

The convention will open on Wednesday afternoon, February 14. The opening address will set forth the purpose of the convention. This will be followed by a business session at which the officers of the convention will be elected for the ensuing quadrennium.

Convention Dinner

A dinner will be held on Wednesday evening in recognition of the important place of laymen in this movement, and particularly in honor of Mr. Russell Colgate, who has been President of the International Council for the past eight years.

In addition to several brief speeches, the special message of the evening will be an address giving a sympathetic but searchingly critical evaluation of the strong and weak points in the movement and pointing out certain crucial needs upon which attention must be focused in the years ahead.

Christian Education in the World Today

There will be two addresses on Thursday morning, each followed by a discussion period.

Dr. W. W. Charters, of Ohio State University, will speak on "New Educational Agencies," dealing especially with motion pictures and radio in education.

Dr. Joy Elmer Morgan, Editor of the *Journal of the National Education Association*, will speak on "The Crisis in American Life—Its Educational and Spiritual Significance," indicating the deep-lying issues in the relation between public and religious education.

The Answer of the Christian Church

In the afternoon, Dr. Luther A. Weigle, Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University, will discuss "Christian Education to Meet the Needs of Today."

Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, will open up the significant problems in interdenominational cooperation, speaking on the subject, "Closer Correlation of Interdenominational Agencies for the Accomplishment of the Whole Task."

The closing message by Dr. Hugh S. Magill, General Secretary of the International Council, will gather up the most significant points brought out in the addresses and discussions during the convention and project them into a suggested program of action for the future.

This convention is certain to be far-reaching in its outcome.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

DeCou, from Ewing Galloway

The Ministry of Suffering

By WILLIAM H. BODDY*

THE most superficial interpretation of Christianity is that which calls it a way of escape from the realities of life. But this criticism of our faith is not as important as the fact that so many of its adherents have expected it to be a way by which they should elude much of "life's immemorial pain"; or that they have made of it an easy optimism that has refused to see life steadily and see it whole. One marvels that a religion, at the heart of which there is a young Man, at the age of thirty-three, dying on a cross, should come to be thought of as a means of selfish immunity and reward. In the light of the realism of the New Testament it is strange indeed that any Christian should expect his faith to free him from suffering or should use it as a means of stopping his ears to the ever-rolling surge of the world's sorrow. What an ingenious theology it must be that makes the religion of the cross an insurance against pain. Christianity is rooted in tragedy. Its founder was the sublime Sufferer, and his challenge to men was an invitation to join him in the comradeship of heroic and redemptive pain. Of the disciples, who in those far-gone days dared to make the "unreckoning adventure," it is written, "They were sawn asunder, they were tempted, they were slain with the sword: they went about in sheepskins, in goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, ill-treated (of whom the world was not worthy)."

Rather than being a means of escaping suffering, Christianity actually makes souls more susceptible to pain. "Love makes us share with him, forevermore, the burden of the world's divine regret." Whatever spiritualizes life increases the soul's capacity for suffering. As it is the cultivated musician to whom discord brings acute disquietude, so it is the pure who are hurt most by the world's impurities; it is the just and the humane who feel the bitter burden of earth's weak and exploited ones. Little souls can dodge through life with relative comfort, but great souls are hurt and scarred at every turn. One's suffering is in direct proportion to the sensitivity of one's spirit. It was the sheer perfection of his imaginative sympathy that made the Master say, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Saul Kane, the first morning after his soul's conversion, found that though he had escaped the shame of sin, he had been called to a higher and more splendid suffering. He says,

> "I knew that Christ had given me birth
> To brother all the sons of earth."

The first thing our faith ought to teach us to do with suffering is to *accept it*. We are not thinking here of needless suffering caused by unjust conditions that an aroused social conscience is now seeking to remove, but of that which no amount of forethought seems able to prevent. In our western world we persist in the belief that all pain is really alien to life. We think happiness is normal, but sorrow is an intruder breaking in upon life from the outside to despoil it of strength and beauty. And so we live in continual fear of pain. Much of our activity is spent in trying to make ourselves secure against suffering. But in early Christianity there was a strong-willed acceptance of suffering as part of the essence of life and a determination to transmute it into enduring loveliness. Of Jesus it is said, "He took the cup and gave thanks." That suggests that he took life in its entirety—life with its failures and fruitions—he took the cup of life and "gave thanks."

In one of the notes in her Journal, Katherine Mansfield,

*Pastor, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

whose spirit was a lonely soldier on the battlefields of pain, says of suffering:

> One must *submit.* Do not resist. Take it. Be overwhelmed. Accept it fully. Make it *part of life.*
>
> Everything in life that we really accept undergoes a change. So suffering must become Love . . . I must put my agony into something, change it. "Sorrow shall be changed into joy."
>
> O Life! accept me—make me worthy—teach me.

That does not mean supine acquiescence. Acceptance is positive, creative. In the Christian faith calamity becomes opportunity.

And, then, after we have accepted suffering, we are to *use it.* Sorrow and disappointment may, by faith, be transmuted into patience and sympathy and the deepest experiences of human and divine fellowship. Religion is the consecration of the whole of life. But to make suffering a sacrament requires more faith than to make such an offering of joy. And it is more rewarding. There is no discipline that can so deepen the streams of life as to bring unto God the sacrifice of a sorrow-seamed soul. Christianity has no theoretical explanation of suffering. Faith is not an explanation; it is an inspiration. It is not a philosophy; it is a power. It does not say, "Come I will show you how to reconcile evil and sorrow with the goodness of God." Rather it says, "Let me reveal to you a 'song at the mid-most heart of pain.'" The cross on Calvary is eternal witness to what God can do with suffering when it is completely consecrated to him.

Somewhere Stanley Jones tells of a friend who wrote him from a hospital where he was undergoing great physical affliction. He said:

> I think of Tagore's story of the string, and it gives me light. A violin string lies loosely on the table. It is under no constraint—surely it is free. But is it? Is that mute thing free? Now put it on the violin, and it is bound. Strike it, and it gives dull sounds. But stretch it tighter and tighter up to the key. Now let it be swept with Kriesler's bow. Then at last it is free. See how it sings! Jesus Christ stretched his life upon the cross and swept it with his love—God, the song.

That is the power of faith as it grapples with the mysterious fact of suffering. It can make Calvary a light-house of love. It can take all the dark, tangled strands of human experience and so sanctify them that they are woven into a garment of brave and beautiful living.

But our Master teaches us not only to accept the fact of pain and to make of it an "altar stair sloping through the darkness up to God"; he also asks us voluntarily *to add our contribution of suffering to the redemptive forces at work in the world.* So many truths are not true in life until men are willing to die to make them true. The world can not be saved from its woe by one cross—even though it be Christ's. It waits my cross and yours. The answer to most of our confused ethical problems is very simple—and yet so complex. When shall we have peace on the earth? When enough people are ready to die for it. When shall cruel greed cease to mold into money "the sweet human flesh of men and women"? When there are enough who are ready to die for justice.

In Europe a peace army is being recruited of those who promise at the next opportunity to march unarmed to their death between the hostile regiments of warring nations. "Fools," cry the practical men. "Quixotic," say the intelligentsia. Yet it would not be surprising if these Christian idealists had got hold of the only force that can save us from the abomination of confusion called war. It is by the stripes of the innocent that we must be healed. "Send me a thousand men ready to die," was the word sent to Marseillais by the leader of the French Revolution. That is the call of Christ; aye, that is the voiceless cry of a world in its woe. All salvation is by sacrifice. All saviors are Calvary-possessed souls. And it is our faith that God is the eternal and redemptive Sufferer. To escape suffering is to escape him and the joy of his companionship. That is a fine insight of Karl Barth's: "This age has no great anguish in its heart and, consequently, no great music upon its lips."

Some lines in the drama, "Green Pastures," will hardly be forgotten. One of them is in the scene where "de Lawd" meets Hezdrel and is told about "the Lawd God of Hosea who loves mercy."

"But," says de Lawd, "how did he learn dat?"

Hezdrel answers, "De only way he could find it out. De way I found it out. De only way anyone could find it out —through sufferin'!"

Later when "de Lawd" has thought over the meaning of mercy and has repented and his terrible wrath has begun to change to consuming tenderness he says to Gabriel —in what is perhaps the greatest utterance in the play— "Gabe, dere ain't nothin' worth while anywhere dat didn't cause somebody some worry. Even bein' God *ain't no bed o' roses.*"

No, nor being God's children either.

> But if impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
> Thou wilt not find it in this world again
> Nor in another; here and here alone
> Is given thee to suffer for God's sake.
> In other worlds we shall more perfectly
> Serve him and love him, praise him, work for him,
> Grow nearer and nearer him with all delight.
> But then we shall not any more be called to suffer,
> Which is our appointment here.
>
> —George Stewart

International Leadership Schools and Camp Conferences

Dates for 1934

Geneva Glen, Colorado
Girls' Camp—July 30-August 11
Boys' Camp—August 13-25

Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire
Adult School—July 23-August 3
Girls' Camp—August 6-18
Boys' Camp—August 20-September 1

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin
School for County and City Council Workers—July 16-21
School for Local Church Workers—July 22-27
Laboratory School for Children's Workers—July 16-27
Girls' Camp—August 6-18
Boys' Camp—August 20-September 1

Christ in the Life of the Home

By HARRY C. MUNRO

BEGINNING in September, 1934, many Christian forces of North America will enter upon a year of emphasis on "Christ in the Life of the Home." It is the purpose of this emphasis to call the attention of Christian parents to their responsibility for the religious nurture of their children. The church school, however efficient it may become, cannot become a substitute for home life which is thoroughly Christian in motive and spirit. The need is not merely that of getting parents to cooperate more willingly and thoughtfully with the church school in its program for their children, great as that need is. The real need is to get parents to accept and carry out primary responsibility for the Christian nurture of their own children, looking to the church to supplement their own efforts with a specialized service. Thus to make the home the primary school in Christian living calls for a program of parent education, for definite guidance provided by the church to the home, and for a larger recognition on the part of the church that the family is quite properly a religious unit. For a whole year these matters are to be kept before pastors and other church leaders with the hope that the American home will be brought up to a plane of more effective service as an agency of Christian nurture.

Whose emphasis is this? By whom was it determined or adopted? By what process was it developed? What reason is there for expecting many of the Christian forces of North America to participate in making it effective? *Journal* readers, who will be made conscious of this emphasis for months to come, have a right to the answers to such questions. They may be assured that this is something more than an *International Journal* emphasis.

It has long been customary for state councils, denominational boards, and other religious agencies to promote annual or periodic emphases. The International Convention at Toronto in 1930 developed and announced certain annual emphases for the ensuing four years. The current "Increase" emphasis is an outgrowth of these. The Toronto Convention emphases were developed and announced too late to affect very deeply the various plans which denominational boards and state councils already had under way. Denominational emphases and interdenominational emphases which are unrelated tend to neutralize one another and to lack the impact of a united voice. In working out the emphasis on "Christ in the Life of the Home" for the year 1934-35, a careful attempt has been made to avoid these difficulties.

Let us go behind the scenes upon the great stage where denominational boards and committees and interdenominational agencies do their preparatory and planning work. Let us see what lies back of the present announcement of this emphasis which will actually begin next September. Let us see what reasons there are for expecting this emphasis to become a mighty movement among the Christian forces during that year.

In 1931, soon after its formation, the Committee on Field Program of the Educational Commission of the International Council considered the desirability of such emphases as a guide to field promotion, convention programs, and general field work. In consultation with the Committee on Church School Administration, a statement, justifying and advocating such emphases as a matter of policy, was prepared. This was approved by the Educational Commission and the International Executive Committee in February, 1932. Thus, the official approval of the representatives of the forces which comprise the International Council was given the plan to have such emphases.

The Committee on Field Program then prepared a suggested emphasis for the four years beginning in the autumn of 1934, and a particular emphasis for each of the years. This statement was sent out to each denominational board and each state council for the review and suggestions of staff members, curriculum and educational committees. The statement was completely revised in the light of the responses. The new statement, embodying as much as possible of the contributions made by these forces, was again circulated. Careful study was given it and many suggestions again made for its improvement. These were embodied in a final revision which was presented in February, 1933, to the professional advisory sections, the Educational Commission, and the Executive Committee of the International Council. With minor revisions growing out of this final review, the plan was adopted unanimously.

The themes or slogans which symbolize the emphases are as follows:

THEME FOR THE WHOLE QUADRENNIUM: *"Christ in the Life of Today"*

1934-35 THEME: *"Christ in the Life of the Home"*

1935-36 THEME: *"Christ in the Life of the Church"*

1936-37 THEME: *"Christ in the Life of the Community"*

1937-38 THEME: *"Christ in the Life of the World"*

The theme for 1934-35 falls within the field of work of the Joint Committee on Family and Parent Education of the Educational Commission. That Committee in April, 1933, developed plans for making the emphasis effective. Some of these plans will be of interest to *Journal* readers.

The first step is the full commitment to the emphasis of those forces which make up the International Council. While such commitment was implied in the action of their representatives on the Executive Committee of the International Council, and in their participation in the development of the plan, definite action by these agencies as such is also desirable. Such action has been taken by a number of the denominational boards and state councils. In one of the largest denominations, not only did the Board of Christian Education adopt the emphasis, but the General Assembly of the denomination took action making this theme the emphasis of the entire denomination for the year 1934-35. Recent correspondence with the secretaries of state councils and denominational boards indicates that whole-hearted participation will be practically universal among the forces which comprize the International Council.

(Continued on page 32)

The Lenten Program of a Church

By Oscar W. Low*

IN THE January issue of *Religious Education* for 1933, Hugh Hartshorne defines religious education as "All efforts to help children and adults achieve maturity of religious citizenship." In the building of the Christian life, no one period is of more vital importance than that of Lent. Since the meaning of Lent suggests "Springtide," we ought to make it a growing-time spiritually—a heart searching time for the whole church.

Lent not only culminates in the most important epoch of Christ, it also has behind it the history and customs of hundreds of years. Its inception grew out of a desire to have a period during the year correspond to the forty days which Jesus spent in the wilderness. Since Jesus denied himself and fasted, it was thought that his followers should also fast and torture self. This old idea of denial and suffering are not sufficient for the religious life of today. In addition to the good that comes from self-denial, we must seek to improve ourselves spiritually through worship, study, meditation, and devotion.

A Unified Program—The Church

Lent offers an opportunity for the local church to introduce a note of unity into its total program. It makes it possible to capitalize on the power that comes from a concerted emphasis upon some phase of the Christian program. In city parishes where I have been privileged to work, we sought to achieve this power of unity by building the Lenten period around the central idea of "Jesus." The first task was to cooperate with the pastor in working out a general theme for the church, including the mid-week service. While I do not desire to deal with the church program itself, the following illustration will serve the point that I have in mind. The specific theme one year was "Jesus and His Reporters." The more particular topics were: (1) The Interpretation in Mark—The Man Among Men; (2) The Interpretation in Matthew—The King; (3) The Interpretation in Luke—The Universal Savior; (4) The Interpretation in John—The Son of God and the Giver of Life; (5) The Interpretation in Religious Poetry of Today—The Holy Hill.

A Unified Program—The Church School

Using the general theme as a basis, we sought to build a program for the church school. A careful study of the church school courses revealed the fact that the lessons would have to be enriched and in some cases supplemented, in order to carry out the central Lenten scheme.

Through story, worship, and song the *kindergarten department* tried to make more real the life and teachings of Jesus. "Helping little people to become friends of Jesus" served as a basis for worship and instruction. There was no attempt to burden the mind of the little child with a comprehensive idea of Lent. Some of the weekly topics were: (1) How the Father-God helps us; (2) How Jesus helped the little sick girl; (3) How a little boy helped Jesus; (4) How little folk can help Jesus; (5) How little folk can help others; (6) Easter Day. We also used some of the stories and materials suggested in the *International Journal* and *Religion in the Kindergarten* by Bertha M. Rhodes. Miss Rhodes has an attractive series of programs on "Awakenings"—especially "Easter Day" and "Jesus and His Friends."

In the *primary department,* the superintendent and teachers found much needed help in Edna M. Bosner's book *The Little Boy of Nazareth* and in the carefully worked out *Graded Bible Stories* by William J. Mutch. The third grade worked out a project on the Shepherd Psalm, in harmony with the following stories: (1) A man with a hundred sheep; (2) The lost sheep; (3) The shepherd's voice; (4) The Good Shepherd. The hymn "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus," the Twenty-third Psalm; the Easter story as told in Dadmun's *Living Together,* and Edith McDowell's *A First Primary Course for the Vacation School* served as memory work.

Easter Sunday was most fittingly observed. A hundred living plants, put in place by the pupils themselves, helped to tell the story of the resurrection. At the close of the Easter program the plants were presented to the boys and girls by the superintendent. The members of the kindergarten department were guests on this occasion. A harpist played favorite hymns and descriptive music. Pictures of Jesus' land were shown by the aid of the stereopticon. The Easter story served as a climax to the program. (The reader will find some excellent worship materials on the above theme for the primary department in the March, 1933, issue of the *International Journal.*

For the teachers of *juniors* we found two books that helped us to carry out the idea of making more real the life and personality of Jesus: *The Boy Jesus and His Companions* by Rufus M. Jones and *The Story Peter Told* by Elsie Ball. We also used the four chapters in Blanch Carrier's book, *The Kingdom of Love,* entitled "The Boy Jesus." During the worship period the superintendent took the juniors on a trip to the "Holy Land" using the following stories from *A Travel Book for Juniors* by Helen P. Hanson: "Where the Boy Jesus lived," "Come follow me," "A mountain where Jesus taught," "Where a boy's lunch fed thousands," "A triumphal procession," and "Easter in Jerusalem."

The memory work included three hymns: "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee," "Fairest Lord Jesus," and "Christ the Lord is Risen Today."

The juniors took an active part in the Easter plans. They assisted in making properties and decorating the rooms with living plants. Zinnia seeds were given to the pupils and they were asked to plant a garden and bring Zinnias for the annual flower Sunday in the fall. (Junior worship materials in the *International Journal* for March, 1931, and two articles on "Making Jesus Real to Juniors" in the *Elementary Magazine* for December, 1932 and 1933, were found to be very suggestive.)

In the *intermediate department,* we tried to give a more adequate background of the times in which Jesus lived. We found splendid help in Harold B. Hunting's *Story of Our Bible, Studies in the Life and Teachings of Jesus* by Mary Jenness, *Right Living* by Neuburg, and *Our Church* by John L. Lobingier. The ninth grade classes worked out a project on the local church, starting with the organi-

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zation of the church and tracing its activities and interests throughout the years. A scrapbook of historical data was made which included pictures, dedications, missionaries, foreign countries, and so forth.

The Intermediate Council assisted in the building of the worship programs. One series of programs which they worked out pictured Jesus as a pioneer trail blazer. The topics were: (1) Blazing the trail—Leadership, (2) Keeping the trail—Loyalty, (3) Friendships along the trail—Goodwill, (4) Hardships of the trail—Sacrifice, (5) Call of the trail—Courage.

The climax of the Lenten season for the intermediates was centered about Decision Day, which will be discussed later.

The *seniors,* in addition to their regular courses of study were asked to study the life of Jesus according to one of the Gospels. The superintendent directed special readings on the life of Jesus in the worship services. *The Life and Times of Jesus* by Grant, *Jesus' Ideals of Living* by Fiske, and *The Manhood of the Master* by Fosdick were used. Sidney A. Weston's little books on *Jesus and the Problems of Living* furnished good material for discussions. Guided worship services, built around the theme "The Living Christ," were conducted by the pupils. We often found it helpful to use a questionnaire in connection with the worship services. It stimulated interest and worship. The questionnaire was first presented to the teachers, and then in turn by the teachers to the classes. One of the questionnaires which created much discussion was as follows: (1) What is your idea of God? (2) What is your idea of Jesus? (3) Do you believe in a future life? (4) What and where is heaven? (5) What does prayer mean to you? (6) What does the Bible mean to you? The pupils were asked to write their answers during the class periods.

The *young people* usually took a topic like "Prayer" and discussed it for the entire period, securing help from a book like Fosdick's *The Meaning of Prayer.*

The *adult classes,* also liked the idea of one theme for the class sessions and selected topics like "The Beatitudes," using the Bible for a text and outlines prepared by the teachers. The young people's and adult classes cooperated with the church on Easter Sunday, dismissing their classes and attending the services en masse.

The Pastor's Lenten Class

The one underlying purpose in these courses in the different age groups is to stimulate interest and give an intelligent approach to church membership. As already mentioned, Decision Day was made an outstanding feature of the Lenten program. On the Sunday preceding, the teachers of the older junior and intermediate classes were asked to tell when and why they united with the church. On the day set aside, the minister of religious education always gave an address and presented cards, upon which was a simple and terse statement concerning the acceptance of Christ. Letters had been sent to the parents explaining the importance of the day and asking their cooperation, but where there was doubt expressed, the pupils were asked to take the cards home for further consultation. In conducting the class, which met for six weeks, the pastor used the discussion method.

Denominational helps were used and *When You Enlist* by Margaret Slattery, *When We Join The Church* by Archie L. Ryan, and *Decision Day Talks* by Charles F. Carter, were also found helpful.

Drama

During Lent we succeeded each year in having some group present a biblical play such as "The Rock" by Mary P. Hamlin. The presentation was to the entire church. Sometimes the play was presented by the young people's department and at other times by a college group. One year the young people put on "He Is the Son of God" by Linwood Taft with great success. The senior department took for their project the dramatization of the Easter story. We found Margaret Slattery's Easter services "The Triumph of Love" and "Life Victorious" exceedingly well adapted to our needs for the seniors. We also used "Pilgrims of the Way" published in the *International Journal* for March, 1931.

The intermediates and juniors were guests of the senior department on Easter Sunday. All three departments made a contribution to the worship services on Easter, while the sixth grade boys were asked to usher.

The young people were made responsible for the "Feast of Lights" service on Palm Sunday, and the Sunrise Easter breakfast.

The Women's Organization

The women of the church were glad to cooperate in the Lenten plans. Our women met in regular session on each Wednesday. At noon they conducted worship and invited the pastor or a guest speaker to address them. One afternoon was given over to a Lenten tea for all women of the parish. The Missionary Society held services for the women of the parish on Good Friday morning.

A Good Literature Table

A good literature table was placed in the foyer, upon which was arranged Lenten material and devotional books, such as *Methods of Private Devotional Living* by Wieman, and *What It Means to be a Christian* by Bosworth. Available to everyone were the booklets of daily devotional reading issued annually by the Federal Council of Churches.

Conclusion

Out of this period of concentration upon spiritual values, there grew each year a deepening of the Christian life, a unity of purpose among the entire membership; and these results convince me that the Lenten period is the greatest seasonal opportunity of the church today.

World Friendship Project for 1934

THE Committee on World Friendship Among Children announces a new project for 1934. American boys and girls are invited to send Friendship Post Cards to boys and girls in other lands. Arrangements have been made with the Departments of Education in certain selected countries to receive these cards and to distribute them to boys and girls in their schools. The Friendship cards are sold in sets of five, each containing a Friendship message in several languages, for fifteen cents.

The Committee also announces the broadcast of a special message of goodwill to the children of Wales on World Goodwill Day, May 18, 1934. Church schools are invited to select from among messages written by boys and girls under fifteen years the one judged to be the best, and to forward it to the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 387 Fourth Ave., New York, before March 15.

Further information concerning this project is available from the Committee.

Children and Suffering

By Mary Alice Jones

"WELL, I haven't much use for God," announced an eight-year-old one Sunday in her church school class. Shocked, the leader asked the child how she could "say such things," but had little of a constructive nature to add.

Even a superficial investigation of the program of religious education in the church which this child attended would make it abundantly clear why she had developed such an attitude toward God. Carelessly told Old Testament stories, which gave the impression of a God of wrath who, when battle was on, had no mercy on non-combatants nor even the dumb beasts of the fields, who ordered a father to kill his only son, or who sanctioned deceit and trickery, had led her into hopeless confusion regarding the character of God. Songs which reflected a primitive idea of the nature of the Universe and non-Christian selfishness in seeking for oneself favors which were denied to others of God's family, had disturbed her. She was bewildered in the effort to find some way to bring the teachings she had received about a God of love into harmony with these strange thoughts revealed in the stories and the songs.

Materials which reflect pre-Christian ideas of God are, even yet, being used with children in many churches. Catastrophe, disaster, and cruel loss are still referred to as the will of God, and resignation represented as the highest Christian response. Nevertheless, the great emphasis upon these ideas which marked the literature and the teachings in earlier years has passed from most responsible sources. There has been a wide-spread revolt against an interpretation of the Universe which gave so small a place to joy and fulfillment and so large a place to suffering and loss. In its place, there has come to be an interpretation which has placed the emphasis upon beauty and harmony and order. And this is where it belongs. Little children thrive in an atmosphere of spiritual sunshine just as they thrive in an atmosphere of physical sunshine. Darkness, gloom, repression, tend to limit their horizon, to stifle their imagination, to hold earth-bound their spirits. Interpretations of God which develop fear and a sense of insecurity, uneasiness, and depression thwart the development of a wholesome religious faith which dreams dreams and sees visions, which dares and adventures, and which achieves in fellowship with the Eternal.

Photo, Lynwood M. Chace

A Baby Bird Falls From Its Nest

But now the question has been raised whether the emphasis upon the beautiful and the good has not gone too far. There are those who say that present-day religious education is developing a generation of boys and girls who have no ability to endure hardness, to suffer, and to grow strong. They say that too little account has been taken of suffering, sorrow, and sin. They say that religious education does not come to grips with reality, that it leads children to think of God as the Great Giver, the Kind Provider, and that it gives them no courage to face life bravely when good gifts and provision for needs are not available.

It must be admitted that there is justice in this criticism. Careful examination of the materials in general use in the church schools of our day show that there is not a great deal of thought given to problems of suffering. It seems that in the effort to preserve the illusion that childhood is a time of care-free joy and unalloyed happiness, there has been an unwise "protection" thrown around boys and girls which has hindered their growth. Can there be an interpretation of the Universe for children which will preserve for them their full measure of joy, while at the same time it recognizes that life makes hard demands upon humanity, and that true happiness is achieved only when it is met courageously? It will be acknowledged that problems of suffering are real and that they must be dealt with if the child is to have a true interpretation of life. But how?

Certainly, children should not be burdened with accounts of horrors and of suffering which they can do nothing to relieve; nor should they be asked to share the distress and mental agony which adults are bearing during a time of terrible uncertainty. Problems too big for them to grasp regarding unemployment, poverty, degradation should not be forced upon them, lest serious mental and emotional disturbances result. But the child, himself, is having experiences of suffering and these experiences we dare not neglect in our curriculum. A dearly loved dog dies in spite of devoted care; flowers that have been planted and tended with joy and faithfulness fade and wither under some blight which attacks them; a baby bird falls from its nest and is found crushed on the ground. What is to be done about such experiences? They are actually in the life of the child. They cannot be ignored

if we attempt to give a complete interpretation of experience. There is in the lesson material prepared for children a great deal of nature material, but little of it deals with such problems as these in a constructive fashion. Practically all of it deals with the beautiful and the harmonious in nature.

A community has a corrupt administration—selfish, designing officers, dishonest or unfair policy toward its employees, wrecks its public school system to save money which goes for illegal purposes, flaunts its vast wealth and ignores its awful poverty. What is to be done about such civic conditions under which many children live? Shall the curriculum of religious education deal with them honestly? Or shall the emphasis in our units on citizenship continue to be placed upon cooperation and gratitude for the benefits of government, ignoring the need for criticism and reconstruction?

Yes, there is suffering and evil in the world, and children cannot be spared from experiencing it. But because it has come to be the rule to relate God to the beautiful and the true and the good, children think of themselves as separated from God when they suffer. It is not an illogical deduction from much of the superficial teaching about God's love which has been given children during this generation. God's love has come to be associated too exclusively with full pantries, with comfortable clothes and houses, and with pleasant weather and healthful bodies. When these things are not available, God must have ceased loving his children. How, then, can we help boys and girls to recognize, at once, that God's will for his children is *good*, that he wants them to be well and happy and adequately fed and clothed and housed, and at the same time to recognize that God's love is with them in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity? If God is good, if God is powerful, if God loves his children, how can these things be?

There are two principles which, if they are accepted, will help make possible a reasonable faith. These principles are, first, that the Universe is orderly and purposeful; and second, that within this Universe man has been granted an important measure of freedom to choose whether he will or will not cooperate in the purposes and the laws which govern the Universe. The first suggests that the order and purpose of the Universe as a whole ethically cannot be disturbed to grant an indulgence to an individual who neglects them; and the second, that if one person chooses to be non-cooperative, chains of events are started in which others are likely to be affected.

In the light of these principles, suffering due to obvious violations of the laws of health, accidents which are the direct result of the refusal of some person to cooperate for the general welfare, and poverty which is the effect of selfish greed and dishonesty, even though they result in suffering for the innocent victims, can, nevertheless, be faced without involving insurmountable difficulties in the way of faith in the goodness of God. In these situations, children can understand that human ignorance, carelessness, and selfishness are working contrary to the good purposes of God, and, because of the measure of freedom which has been granted mankind, they cannot be ejected forcibly from the scheme of things.

But what shall we say of floods, of tempests, of famine, of drought? Children are aware of the terrible results of these forces and ask questions about them. At this point we must confess to our children the limitations of our knowledge. There are not yet enough data available from scientific researches for us to be able to speak regarding the cause and the control of natural disasters. However, only a few years ago, we knew nothing about the generation and the control of electrical current. No doubt the early explorers thought waterfalls and rapids were unmitigated evils. Now we know how to harness them for beneficent purposes. A very few years ago we knew nothing about the control of sound waves. Now we have the radio. In a world in which new discoveries are crowding upon one another in such rapidity, how can we know that certain natural forces which seem to us in our present ignorance to be bad, will not, as our knowledge broadens, be seen as sources of joy and beauty?

To say that the cruel suffering caused by natural disasters represents the will of God seems to us to be blasphemy. The God whom Jesus revealed could not hurl down disaster upon innocent children. On the other hand, in the presence of such disaster is it unreasonable to invite our children to join us in an affirmation of faith that beyond our present knowledge there is a good purpose which these forces, when they are fully understood, are destined to serve? We believe that we may confidently invite such an affirmation, when we join with it a reverent determination to learn more of the nature of the Universe that we may discover this purpose and help to realize it.

If we accept the principle that God's will is *good* will for his children, then must we assume that all suffering is contrary to the will of God, but that he is powerless to prevent it? And do not such assumptions lead to an attitude of hatred toward one's fellow men for their part in creating the forces which bring about suffering, and to an attitude of contempt for God who is powerless to manage his own creation according to his will? Unfortunately, much of the teaching of children in this field has led to just such attitudes.

But why, we are asked, could not other provision for electrical current have been made by an all-wide and all-good Creator than one which involved hardship for mankind? Even though natural forces which now bring disaster will some day be brought under control for good, why was the world made so that there had to be all of the suffering before man learned how to control them? These questions can not be ignored. And yet, again, we will have to confess the limitations of our knowledge; a limit of knowledge of what is required to bring men and women to their highest development, to help them to achieve their noblest destiny, to develop all of their latent potentialities. There is no universal agreement. But even little children can understand that when everything they want is handed to them without any effort on their part, they fail to enjoy themselves. The play which they find most agreeable is that which involves effort on their part, discovery, creativity, the stretching of muscles until they are tired. It seems clear from the history of the race that the greatest among men have been those who have achieved as the result of struggle. Is it too much, then, to suggest to boys and girls who raise such questions that probably mankind *needed* to make strenuous efforts to discover and control natural forces in order that he might become the sort of a person who could enjoy and appreciate and look forward to larger achievements?

What attitudes, then, do we want to teach children in the midst of the suffering which they must bear? In the

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Some Personal Reflections of Pastors

By Oscar P. Campbell*

The following article grows out of an inquiry addressed to a considerable number of ministers. The purpose was to get at the inner attitudes of the minister toward his work, the problems of which he is conscious, and his conception of the present spiritual condition of the churches. This interpretation of their responses is significant.

FRANK and confidential statements from a group of pastors, representing a cross section of the churches, reveal much unanimity of thought and feeling about the spiritual condition of the churches and the pastor's message and leadership in the present situation.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made of the heroic and genuine Christian devotion of those who represent a rather discouragingly small percentage of the present church membership. There is a pronounced feeling of depression concerning the prevalent indifference and self-complacency in the church. The true minister cannot escape the spiritual urge of the prophet to be the interpreter of God in relation to the moral issues underlying the terrific social turmoil of this generation. The intensity of our social and industrial struggle is demoralizing many good people, destroying their self-respect, and making them hopeless dependents. Others, more independent, tend to have their moral consciousness perverted by material success and cannot resist the temptation to use their power to intimidate the pastor when their personal interests are affected. He is tried by men who insist on his sticking to the "simple gospel" because they disagree with him on such issues as war, temperance, race relations, and industry. There is no lack of conviction among the pastors that the courage of the martyr is needed in the ministry today. Some of them have experienced the beatitude which reads: "Blessed are those who have been persecuted in the cause of righteousness." (Matt. 5:10)

After due allowance for all the conditions that test the pastor's courage and leadership, there is a frank, somewhat wholesome, confession that much of the weakness of his message and ministry lies in his own state of mind and spirit. The spiritual indifference of his people, the personal opposition to his leadership, and the exacting demands of executive duties take the heart out of his work. He too easily surrenders to a feeling of futility about his parish program and becomes a time server until he can escape to some other field. It is difficult for him to find time, money, and energy to meet the demands of his parish and maintain his own spiritual and intellectual freshness. Most men past middle-age face the problem of making personal adjustments to meet the demands of a rapidly changing world and, in the face of disillusion, to retain the enthusiasm and drive of youth. It is obvious that an exacting program of self-culture must be followed if one is to keep young. There is expressed a general desire for more frequent and prolonged seasons of ministerial fellowship in physical, mental, and spiritual recreation.

Another interesting question raised by these men concerns the general confusion about institutional loyalties. Many pastors and more laymen are not able to distinguish between sectarian intolerance and an essential denominational loyalty. Our highly organized efficiency in raising budgets and promoting cooperation is accepted as necessary, but the tendency to exhaust the spiritual energies of the church by magnifying institutional loyalties beyond the greater personal loyalty to Christ and his way of life is deplored. This is the loyalty that fosters intolerance and controversy. On the other hand, a wholesome institutional or denominational loyalty that is secondary to the higher personal loyalty to Christ is essential to the effectiveness of organized Christianity. The more denominational strength we generate without intolerance, the more significant will be our interdenominational cooperation.

With the fading out of sectarian lines it is easy for people to change their denominational affiliations. Open or associate membership is favored principally as a means of uniting families whose church affiliations are divided. Families are encouraged to join the church which they think affords them the best opportunity for religious development. The pastor recognizes an obligation to all the people whom his program contacts. By guarding his professional ethics he feels free to minister to them without fear of being accused of proselyting. It is agreed that proselyting is a conscious attempt to alienate one from his present satisfactory church relationship. There is greater danger that too much caution at this point will result in the neglect of many who are in great need of the church.

There is some difference of opinion concerning the methods of recruiting church membership. This difference, in the church, often results in nothing being attempted or in rendering half-hearted support to whatever program is launched. The pastor's first task is to get his program accepted with sufficient unanimity to make it effective. Most of these pastors agree that the sensational campaigns are undesirable. On the other hand, definite seasons of revival services still hold an essential place in any method. Personal or visitation evangelism is in favor as a means of following up all established contacts in the parish and bringing them to the point of personal decision and action.

A church program is desired which produces continuous fruits of evangelism and Christian living. This is educational evangelism. In accepting this as the most desirable method anxiety is expressed for a more positive and spiritual dynamic in the teaching process and in the personality of the teacher.

In all that is implied in these responses there is manifest a triumphant joy in the ministry. The pastors offer no alibis for past failures, freely admitting that they sometimes neutralize their present leadership. Some are suffering in situations threatening their economic independence and freedom as spiritual leaders. There is generally the willingness of the pastor to lose his life to find it in the complete identification of himself with the life and needs of his people. He cheerfully assumes whatever the cross may be to follow the call of Christ without personal reservation.

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Photo, Lynwood M. Chace Century Photos

Frogs and Sunday

A report of the way in which one family developed a program for the religious use of Sunday.

By

Mary Sherburne Warren*

FROGS, the "funnies," and Mother Goose! And mother upstairs reading a best seller, no doubt. She was! Grandmother found her, relaxed and smiling on a couch by an open window. It looked like a modern Sunday even in a church family. And grandmother was disturbed about it. She said so, pointing out to her daughter the difference between the religious training in their two homes, only one generation apart. The younger mother said,

"This is our hour of rest. We have attended church, we have attended the church school, we have dined; now we have sixty blessed minutes for our individual selves, and no questions asked—quiet the only requirement. Why Teddy enjoys the comics, I know not. He comes home with an armful from somewhere, devouring them in preference to food and carefully chosen books. The educators tell us not to worry, so why worry? As for Mother Goose, there is nothing sinful in charming illustrations of merry children, of birds and beasts—verse that has stood the test of years."

"But, my dear," said the older woman, "I cannot reconcile myself to a twelve-year-old poring over a frog book on the Sabbath Day. At Jack's age I had read my book of Bible stories ten times. I kept the Lord's Day as it should be kept and so did you—when I could keep you quiet for an hour. With this book in your hands, you were safe. I found it in the attic when moving . . . and here it is!" A twist of an energetic finger, and grandmother's gray bag flew open. "I'll take it down to Jack."

"No, this is Jack's hour. He is concentrating on frogs and toads. Let me see the book . . . I remember it vaguely."

For ten minutes mother turned the pages, reading aloud here and there from the prose, or the poems with which each chapter closed. " 'I hope we shall then be saved as Noah was. . . . If God should find us caring only for eating, drinking, and playing, we should be burnt up. . . . God saw them from his throne and was much displeased. . . . My dear children, remember that God hates liars and will not let them live with him in glory. . . . And though awhile I may be sad, my God at length will make me glad, in Heaven's eternal day. . . . If God lets me be sick it is for some good reason. . . . In song and dance and mirth, my days I will not spend. . . . If children will go on telling lies, quarreling and fighting, being bold and disobedient, they will come to a sad end. . . .

"Oh, if I now attend,
To Satan's promise fair,
I shall to hell descend,
And Satan's torment share.
My God deserves my love,
He shall receive the whole,
Then to his home above,
He'll take my happy soul."

Mother closed the small volume. "That may explain something," she said thoughtfully, as she thought of her brother. "Did Roy read this? Maude writes that he is suffering from one of his periodical melancholy spells—worries, worries about his sins. Never committed a sin of any consequence in his life, did he?"

"Roy? Mercy, no! You were the rascal of the family. Roy was always reading and thinking. I, too, was thinking that he would become a great man—a preacher, perhaps. . . ."

"Instead of a small town merchant with a clever wife to run his business while he indulges in worry. Now, this book never troubled me—sacrifices and plagues, fire and brimstone were thrilling—but I wonder about Roy. I wonder. He needs a psychiatrist, but good ones come high. I'll take no chances with *my* children. We want them to get the real things in religion, but we have to prepare them for living and this book does not do it. Mother,

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I am convinced that exact information in abundance and a variety of happy interests must be our gift to children who some day will have an abundance of leisure time. Norman and I are no longer content to spend Sunday afternoons whirling about the country with three children who must count live stock for excitement. You know how it was. It went like this, 'Huh, Jack, that's a rock, not a cow. Ted, if you'd keep your eyes on your side of the road you'd score higher. You missed a whole herd back there. Thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five . . . I'm four ahead of you. There's another!' No, we are trying another tack.

"Now our Sunday afternoons are spent in the vicinity of North Ridge Pond. Until May, my good husband knew that frogs and toads hopped, nothing more. In July, he was crawling, sprawling, about the woods in quest of hylas. But Jack it was who found the first one, proclaiming it to the world with a shout triumphant. And Jack it was who thought of photographing it, who learned how from the *Nature Magazine.* Cheer up, Mother, it was the black eyes of your favorite who discovered three newts. What's a hyla, a newt? A hyla, Mother, is a tiny, tiny tree frog, the peeper that tells you spring is here—you've heard thousands of them. A newt looks like a lizard but isn't. Yes, your grandsons have achieved, but who came racing over the hills with the wood terrapin? Was it Jack? Was it Teddy? It was not one of our boys at all. It was Pete, Mother. Pete Bigsby!"

"The more I hear of this, the more disturbed I am. I cannot get away from what the Bible says, 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.' "

"Yes, Mother dear, but there are many different ways of making anything holy; remember the Sabbath Day to keep it happy and fruitful, and so make it holy. That turtle erased another hard line in Pete's freckled face. It actually shone as ten boys in turn examined the trophy. Listen to them talk about it.

" 'I'll say God had an idea of beauty when he made him!' Young eyes beheld the brick red of the fleshy parts. 'Especially when he knew that maybe no one would ever see him.' 'Who is this God anyway? I never been to church.' This from Pete. 'He must be a wonder to make all the things that live up here.' 'He is, of course,' a boy responded, 'but I guess he likes reptiles and am-amphibians better than people for he let my uncle get killed on the railroad track.' 'Huh, that wasn't God's fault. Your uncle was trying to beat the express.' Another, 'I never liked God much until I found he was a good fighter. There are hot battles in the Bible if you know where to find them. Grandma showed me. I hope there will be another war in about ten years.' 'Well, I don't. Mother says the best soldiers are those who work for peace—that God is a God of peace.' 'Yet he can't be both. I'd like to know which he is.' "

So the younger woman went on to explain that when the arguments ceased, Norman, her husband, found himself pledged to teach a "course in God" to these boys—yes, in the church school which some had never attended—but he must have three months for preparation. She added, "He *may* be asleep this minute on the back porch, but I suspect he is 'reading up on God,' as the boys express it. You would know he was a business man by the way he is tackling this new job. He has books and magazines recommended by theological seminaries, by councils of religious education. It is fascinating, he says. He has mapped it all out something like this: the localized God of Mt.

Photo, J. C. Allen *Century Photos*

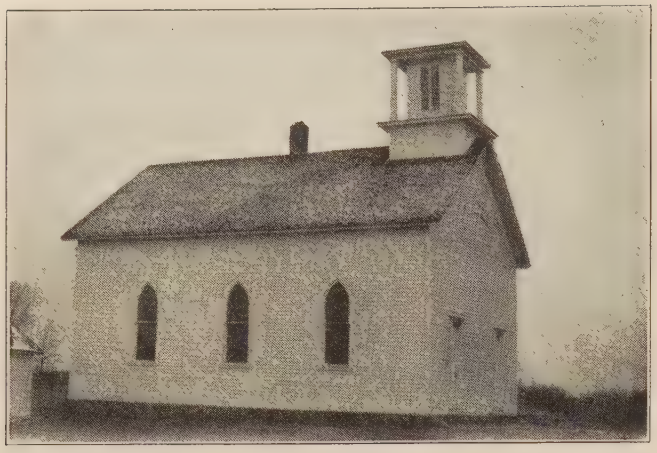
Sinai, the tribal God, the warlike God who cursed his enemies, the universal God of the book of Jonah, the spiritualized God who asks not for sacrifices, but for a penitent heart; then God, the spirit of love, as revealed by Jesus who, in three years of intensive living, showed us what God was like; and finally, the God we reveal by our lives—though his earth is rich and beautiful, God can progress no further than we progress as individuals and as members of a social world order. Yes, this study is fascinating. I know every boy will attend Norman's class . . . even Pete."

"I take it Pete is a tough. Yet your boys associate with him," said the older woman.

"A tough? Perhaps, at times. But not in our home, surrounded by every natural history we can buy or borrow, by my husband and boys, by boys from other homes good and not so good—all one in the purpose to learn more about the amphibian and reptilian worlds. It is *snakes,* Mother, for next month. Our boys are proud to have books to share with the bookless, a lovely home to share with those whose homes hold less of love or loveliness. Am I my brother's keeper? Indeed I am. If 'being saved' is not being wasted, as one writer declares, we are saving souls, the souls of these boys—and doing it by starting on frogs. Is not this religion? And this leads me to the climax of my story. Hold your breath, Mother, and listen to this—

"Yesterday the president of the bank called Norman to his sanctum. 'Stirred up any beetles or bugs on your Sunday trips?' was his surprising question. 'Have? Thought so. Wondered what they were and how they lived, didn't you? Boys did too, didn't they? Will clamor to study about them about next summer, don't you think? Man, I'll give five dollars to your church treasurer for every

(Continued on page 20)



Some months ago the Journal carried a series of three articles telling how a large city church studied and is now rebuilding its educational program. In this number we begin a series of three that takes the reader out to a small, one-room church in the country. Rural leaders (and others!) will profit by these three visits. This first article pictures the development in general; the second article will give details about the children's program; and the third with the youth program.

The Story of a One-Room Church

I. What We Once Were—and What We Did

By Marie Newman*

FOR sixty-two years, a small, white building has stood in its place, calling farm folk, among whose fields it stands, to a spiritual quest. Like a Christmas candle in a window on a dark night, it has sent out its light and its message to the farmer in the field, to the wife in her garden, to the passerby on his way to town. Within its walls, folk have met God, have come to understand his purpose for their lives, and have been girded for spiritual service in the Kingdom. It is indeed the *Zion* of our countryside.

When I was asked by the editors of the *Journal* to prepare a series of articles on our church and how its program of better work has begun and grown, I hesitated to undertake the task. Progress is always slow and difficult. When one is in the throes of it, he may be irritated and even discouraged, but when hard work is rewarded by success, all that irritation disappears and the struggle takes on the semblance of a romantic adventure. Some phases of the effort are too sacred and too personal to describe. But I think there are some interesting facts which can be related here.

Our Past—and Our Present

We did not come to our present stage of organization and program in a year's time. It is the result of a constant effort over a period of one-fifth of a century. During all of that time two persons have served as superintendent. They have worked gradually but consistently for certain fundamental goals. There has been a loyal inner circle of workers who have gone forward with them all the way. There have been others who, sincerely concerned for the success of our work, have not seen the value in most of the changes which have been made during these twenty years, and thus have felt compelled to oppose them. In that very difference of viewpoint and conflict of judgment there has been the strongest challenge to our own faith and Christian spirit.

Twenty years ago there were just two departments in our school, the adult and primary, but these divisions were only formal and did not much affect our program. The same lessons were used in all the classes. Little children had to sit on benches made for adults. The total program was geared to the needs of the grown-up folk. Our song books were of the older type of evangelistic material. As in many schools, we "pepped it up" by singing as lustily as possible such selections as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." The children sang vigorously and sometimes kept time with the tap-tap of their feet on the old oak floor. This article is not intended to deny or minimize the results of this type of program in our own or in other churches in the past, but to point out our desire to do better and the way we went about it.

After twenty years, we have a completely graded school in a one-room church building. Frankly, most of the grading work has been carried out during the past ten years. Just recently we added a nursery class. About five years ago, we installed a complete system of curtains in order to give the classes a small amount of privacy. The diagram on this page shows our present form of organization and plan of placement for the different classes.

Our Two Important Steps

Naturally, the reader will want to know the steps which we have taken in order to arrive at our present level of work. Our important steps were two.

The first was *to enlarge the vision of our leaders.* This was a strategic move on the part of a few responsible persons in our church. We were far removed from denominational headquarters, but our denomination had approved and supported the work of interdenominational agencies with which we could get in contact and from which we could secure help. The progress we have made during the years has come almost entirely through the leadership of those who received inspiration and training in county and state work, including conventions, institutes, camps, and training schools, and in the enterprises of the International Council of Religious Education at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. We are abundantly grateful that our own and other denominations have worked together through the years to establish these agencies through which we could be helped.

Our present superintendent got his first training in the Leadership School at Lake Geneva. The writer was the

*Culver, Indiana. Director of young people's work in Zion Church, and member of the young people's committee of the Indiana Council of Religious Education.

first Indiana young person to graduate from the camps there. Thirteen of our present leaders have been to Lake Geneva. It is not possible to give the number of those who have been in constant contact with county and state work.

The first approaches to grading were initiated by those who came in touch with better methods in schools and conventions. It was a long, hard pull. After we got our groups graded, then we faced the problem of getting in the graded lessons. The same basic opposition offered in other places was advanced by many of our people. Now our graded program is accepted and favored by most of them. As will appear in the remainder of this article when our specific steps of progress are mentioned in detail, these leaders who had been trained in these various enterprises were the ones who started and guided the new plans.

A second step, however, was also important. It was *the formation of an educational committee.* This was made up of the superintendent, the pastor, the departmental superintendents, and two representatives from each of the other organizations in the church. This committee takes the initial steps in all matters unless they are launched in the respective departments. But in the latter case, the plans are cleared through this committee. It supervises all functions involved in administering the school, such as grading, curriculum, supplies, programs for special days, guiding the planning of the worship program, and seeing that there are representatives sent to various training activities provided by the state and International councils.

In this committee, proposed changes are discussed pro and con. They are never proposed to the church until a majority of the committee favors them. To date, the leadership of the committee has, in the most part, been accepted by the entire church. The way in which the committee has worked and some of the things we have done will appear as we consider its work in more detail.

I shall never forget how we came to get a better hymn book. About eight years ago this last Christmas we planned a splendid program. One part of it required a number of the Christmas carols, but these were not in our hymn books. Some of the young people, who had been to Lake Geneva, remarked that the carols were in the *Hymnal for American Youth.* Immediately the young people agreed to buy twelve of these hymnals if the Sunday school would buy forty-eight. Ever since we have been using this book. At first we had to compromise and use some other book for our revival meetings while retaining the new hymnal for our regular work. We considered this a practical solution to the problem, although, of course, not as good a plan as some would have wanted.

The seats in the "pall bearers' corner," as it was called, were another problem. They were used only by pall bearers at occasional funerals and did not suit our regular program at all. We handled this in the same way. Parents were appealed to, and the matter was discussed and pressed in the committee until finally the trustees voted to take out the seats in the left side of the front part of the room. As the reader will notice, in this place now we have the classes for the first-year juniors and the first-year primaries. They have tables and chairs suited to their size. Now, when we have a funeral, large chairs are provided in this corner for the pall bearers, and the smaller chairs and tables are pushed back temporarily.

After the school came to favor a graded program, it was not difficult to agree on a system of curtains. Although the curtains are somewhat unsightly, they are a valuable asset to our present program and we could not do without them.

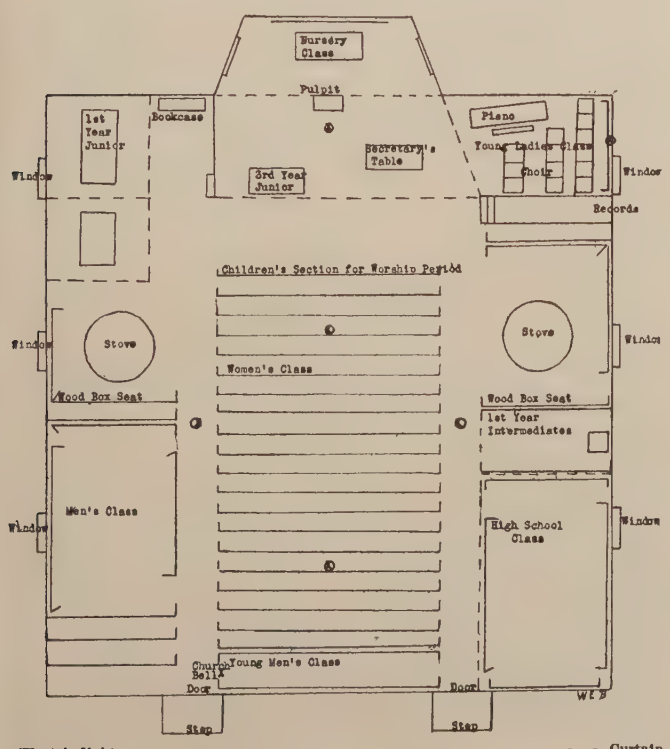
Just now, we are trying to revise our policy for the assembly of all our departments. Having just one room, we have found it difficult to give the children training in worship and in the appreciation of hymns. Also, we found it difficult to provide participation for individual members of our school. In my next two articles, I shall discuss this more in detail.

Of the 98 enrolled at the present time in our school, more than sixty of them had some definite leadership responsibility to carry during the year. To be sure, some had more to do than others, but all of them had something to do. Our committee recognizes that one of the sure ways of making a leader is to provide an infinite number of opportunities to lead. This we are trying to do for all our people as a part of our educational program.

Thus, I think the reader will see that our two important steps of training leaders and then of providing them with an educational committee as a channel through which their new ideas could reach the church as a whole have worked well together.

Of course, as with a church janitor, no leader or committee can please everyone, but we do have a marvelous spirit of unity in our group. I wish the reader could visit us some morning. I do not boast when I say it, but I believe that many large churches that I have visited could learn some things about the administration of a church school from these country people and their small, white church.

Mrs. Newman's article next month will describe the program for children—and how it came to be.



History and Weekday Religious Education

By George L. Cutton*

HISTORY seems to support the proposition that religious education under Church auspices should supplement the purpose and plan of the State in providing for character education in its schools. The weekday religious school is an important religious and educational need of the day.

It is difficult to prove that America had a Christian origin or that people came to our shores primarily for religious reasons. Many of our claims for the religious foundation of our republic lack supporting evidence. The severe economic conditions, as well as changing political fortunes, in the countries of Europe had as much (or more) to do with American colonization as religious conditions. The operations of the great commercial companies occupied a very important place in the events of the period. One writer claims that religious motives were often deliberately worked into these commercial enterprizes as "saving clauses." (Sadie Bell, *The Church, the State and Religion in Virginia.*)

On the other hand, the religious body exercised a peculiar dominance in the field of education. Education was generally considered a special function of the clergy. The clergyman shared this responsibility in New England with the tithing man, in New York with the combination Dutch sexton and schoolmaster, and in Virginia with lay readers. Early legislation on the subject was intended to protect the church in its monopoly. The Massachusetts Law of 1647 enforced Puritan sectarian instruction. The aim of the Pennsylvania Law of 1683 was to enable children to read the Scriptures by the time they were twelve years of age. Virginia required school instruction to be orthodox, i.e. according to the Church of England. The constitution of New Hampshire still empowers the legislature to authorize the employment of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality. The chief thing arrived at in the founding of King's College (now Columbia) was "to teach and engage children to know God in Jesus Christ and to love and serve Him in all Sobriety, Godliness and Richness of life." (*New York Mercury*, May 31, 1754).

But the Church monopoly that sought to maintain such sentiments in general education is gone. The sentiments remain. The strictly religious and spiritual emphasis in the common schools have been displaced by moral, scientific, and patriotic concepts. The State took over the function of education. The American people generally came to accept the public school as their educational agency. The churches turned to the Sunday school or retained the parochial school for religious education. Now most Protestant bodies have given up parochial education. The Roman Catholic church, however, continues to support the proposition that education, both religious and secular, is a function of the Church. The problem is how to maintain an adequate education in the religious principle and life in the face of the large amount of time, energy, and interest involved in an education from which direct religious instruction has been so largely excluded. That is a problem even for Catholics where they have not been able to establish parochial schools or secure the attendance of all Catholic children at such schools. For Protestants, there is a growing conviction that something more than a Sunday school is needed to emphasize the religious principle. Many believe the answer to be the weekday religious school.

Such a scheme of part-time religious instruction emphasizes religion in connection with the secular branches of learning without interfering with the separateness of the public school. Excusing public school children for religious instruction under Church auspices for one hour or more each week maintains, in part, the colonial and Roman Catholic viewpoint that religion is necessary to a complete education. Moreover, it helps children, their parents, and their teachers to see that life is of one piece and cannot be so rigidly divided into the religious and the non-religious. We seem to be returning to our historical position in support of an education in which State and Church can cooperate.

Another historical review seems to suggest that the spirit and content of general education can still be religious. In the colonial period and later, this was generally the case. Noah Webster's elementary education, just before the Revolution, consisted of instruction in the Bible and in Dilworth's *Spelling Book*, made up of religious and moral sentences. Many adults now living, some of them still in their forties, can remember the biblical and religious stories in McGuffey's and the more recent Swinton's Readers. Because of the secularization of school texts, modern readers contain little or none of such material.

However, a careful examination of our present school curriculum and procedure reveals the fact that religion has not been entirely eliminated. Poems, songs, and exercises on special days contain much that is significantly religious. Courses in hygiene, schemes of direct moral instruction, and indirect devices in character education emphasize virtues and practices that would be a credit to any religious school. One purpose in studying geography in New York State schools is stated in the official syllabus as "to study the people of other countries and to establish bonds of friendship with them," an aim that is very similar to missionary education in our churches. Kindergarten practices, school assembly programs, Bible readings, and personal interviews keep up religious influences without establishing a direct union of Church and State.

We can go further than this, if only a place is made for sectarian instruction. What we can do is to establish a school under religious control and operating in close connection with the public school and yet not a part of it, where children can get any special sectarian instruction thought necessary and also the religious interpretation of what is implicitly religious in public school study and procedure. This is the opportunity of the weekday school when correlated with the public school.

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The third point in this historical survey is that distinct services of the Church are evolving to meet particular needs. The State substituted the civic motive for schools in place of the religious motive. At the same time, the State expected the Church to sustain that civic motive. That is clearly shown in such actions as the passage of the Northwest Ordinance and the land grants to churches in the states of New York and Ohio.

Philanthropic and religious men and women sought a means of caring for the unprivileged through the formation of Sunday schools. It was a general belief that the way to dispel ignorance, develop the public conscience, and make intelligent and virtuous citizens was to give a thorough instruction in the Bible. It was a lay movement rather than ecclesiastical. In fact, the churches for many years opposed Sunday schools as not warranted by the Scriptures. Hence, the movement was undenominational. It was philanthropic in purpose from its inception. These schools were called ragged schools because they were generally for the poor. Dr. Lyman Beecher's influence changed the original character of the Sunday school by taking his own children to such a school in 1830 and encouraging other privileged people to do the same. Volunteer teachers gave the instruction. People became interested in the Sunday schools as a high type of community service. As such, the Sunday school helped prepare the public mind for universal, free education. Their influence gave rise to the whole idea of the public school societies in the cities. They were supported by the public-spirited members of the community without regard to creed. Only their pronounced religious character in a day of sectarianism prevented the general support of Sunday schools by public taxation.

The idea of the weekday school of religion is the establishment of similar community schools for the benefit of the religiously unprivileged in our day as the Sunday schools ministered to the economically and socially unprivileged of other days. There is this chief difference. The churches and synagogues will be directly responsible for these new schools. They aim especially to serve the boys and girls of our communities who are not regularly instructed in our church schools, Sabbath schools, and parochial schools. They will call attention to moral and religious education as a civic duty. It may be that in this day and generation weekday schools can serve as great a need as the Sunday schools did for many years in that earlier period.

Another question of other days is still unanswered. It is whether the State is superior to other institutions with respect to education. In the days when the State was trying to develop its school system for the benefit of all the people, one of its serious obstacles was sectarianism. The State had to be free to meet the needs of all without catering to any religious sect or party. This explains many of the extreme attempts to secularize public school work. It is a question whether public control, now largely State control, has not gone too far. At least, the Supreme Court of the United States in the Oregon Case, 1925, limited this authority. In that famous decision, it was declared that the State had no authority to standardize its children and that it was the duty of parents to prepare their children for additional obligations, one of which was religion. Again, the weekday school stands in a favored place; representing, as it does, a religious agency acting on behalf of the parents to request the cooperation of the State in releasing their children for religious instruction, to prevent the very standardization of life that the Oregon law proposed.

From the facts of history we see that the weekday school of religion offers again the opportunity of an education from which the religious principle is not excluded but definitely recognized as helping to complete that education. Further, we see that much of the content of public school instruction is and may be more religious, if we establish part-time schools under religious auspices, where religious and even sectarian interpretations of general education can be given. Moreover, we see that an official religious movement for weekday schools may render for public education and the churches a similar service to the Sunday school movement, namely arouse the public conscience to care for the morally and religiously unprivileged of our day. Again, the weekday school may help the institutions of family and the Church to prepare our children for the additional obligations of life beyond the standard requirements of the State.

In conclusion, we in America seem definitely committed to a policy and program of secular education which does not include direct religious education. At the same time, it does not exclude it, but only puts it in the proper place outside of public aid and support. Such instruction can be given outside of the public school curriculum but on school time shared with religious agencies, or in weekday religious schools.

The Workers' Conference

Suggestions for Using This Issue in the Monthly Conference of Church School Workers

THE following program is suggested for the benefit of those many people who use the *Journal* in such a conference. It is suggested only. Leaders will, of course, adapt it to their own needs.

1. DEVOTIONS—"The Place of Suffering in Life"

   Two articles will be especially helpful here.

   BODDY, "The Ministry of Suffering"
   JONES, "Children and Suffering"

2. OUR EASTER PLANS

   A report should be given of all the plans made by the local group thus far, and these could then be reviewed and carried forward in the light of these articles.

   LOW, "The Lenten Program of a Church"
   CAMPBELL, "Some Personal Reflections of Pastors"

   Are you planning to use an Easter play this year? The one given in this issue, "Simon the Leper" by Dorothy Clarke Wilson, is long and will need to be started at once. A shorter play will appear in March.

3. THE HOME AND SUNDAY

   The following articles could be reviewed and presented here.

   MUNRO, "Christ in the Life of the Home"
   WARREN, "Frogs and Sunday"

   Any reader, reasonably interested, who starts the article on "Frogs and Sunday" and stops before finishing it, short of a fire or death in the family, is invited to write and tell us why.

4. OUR FUTURE PROGRAM

   NEWMAN, "The Story of a One-Room Church"
   CUTTON, "History and Weekday Religious Education"
   The regular departments

What Are the Facts?

IN the fall of 1932 the National Education Association appointed a Committee on Social-Economic Goals of America which has recently issued a report, the official digest of which contains the following "Ten Desirable Social and Economic Goals of America."

1. *Hereditary Strength.* Rich personality depends upon the inborn capacity of individuals. Therefore: It would seem that in an enlightened society cultural influences exerted upon mating and conscious control of reproduction might be instituted in such wise as to increase constantly the percentage of our people who are "well-born," and thereby to raise steadily the average level of innate capacity.

2. *Physical Security.* To be born with superior capacity is but half the picture; to conserve and develop this capacity is the other half. Therefore: Definite provisions must be made to reduce the number of lives annually sacrificed to the speeding automobile, to the ravages of fire, to undernourishment, and to disease.

3. *Participation in Cultural Evolution.* Every new-born babe is a complex bundle of possibilities which may be developed by contact with the culture achieved through racial experience. Therefore: Society must assure to each individual the fullest possible opportunity to come into fruitful contact with cultivating influences in such a way as to develop the needed (a) skills, technics, and knowledge; (b) values, standards, and outlooks.

4. *An Active, Flexible Personality.* Participation in our cultural resources should promote active personalities motivated by intelligent purposes, not by unguided impulse from within or casual pressure from without. Therefore: Economic and social goals must be consciously pursued that will foster (a) personal initiative, (b) discriminating judgment and choice, (c) flexibility of thought and conduct, (d) individual differences, and (e) cooperativeness.

5. *Suitable Occupation.* A congenial life work is a first requisite of rich personality. Therefore: Society should offer to individuals guidance, training, placement, and advancement in suitable vocations.

6. *Economic Security.* Deplorable economic conditions of today are apparent to everyone. Therefore: It is incumbent upon society to set up certain standards of economic security, some legal, some with such extra-legal sanctions as public opinion, conscience, and our ideas of common decency. Increasingly we think in terms of (a) the right to a job, (b) a minimum wage, (c) a legal dismissal wage, (d) security of tenure, (e) mothers' pensions, (f) compensation for industrial accidents and disease, and (g) old-age and unemployment insurance.

7. *Mental Security.* Individual personality and public welfare alike depend upon a satisfactory answer to the question "What may we believe?" Therefore: Americans ought to fear the powerful commercial interests that are trying to exploit us through gaining control of our thoughts and opinions. Just as society has brought pure drinking water to the houses and highways, so it ought to bring pure truth within our reach at every point and on every matter.

8. *Equality of Opportunity.* Our nation had its birth in struggle for equality as opposed to special privilege. In the light of modern knowledge of individual differences, this is not taken to mean equality either of inborn or acquired personal traits but the equal chance to attain to one's fullest possible development in proportion to abilities. Therefore: Equality of opportunity, the birthright of every American, should involve for each individual the opportunity to live a healthy, happy life, to have a comfortable, sanitary home, to have useful employment, to enjoy equality in the eyes of the law, and to have the benefits of such educational facilities and other means of appropriate development as will enable the individual to become the happiest, most efficient, and most useful member of society possible with his natural endowments.

9. *Freedom.* The struggle for freedom has seemed to center in the efforts of one group to free itself from oppression by another. While dynastic and hereditary tyranny have been largely overcome, domination of the economically less favored group by the economically more favored group still persists. Therefore: The greatest stress should be placed on what should be termed *the agitative liberties*, i.e., freedom of speech, of the press, the screen, of broadcasting, of assembly, of demonstrating, or organizing. Particularly to be cherished and defended are freedom of research, of experimentation, and of teaching, for they are the means by which new truth is revealed and grafted upon old truth.

10. *Fair Play.* Justice defined by the courts and good sportsmanship shown by citizens in all their relations with one another are esteemed as eminent social virtues. Therefore: A sense of fair play should dominate the relations of the poor man before the court, the employer in conflict with his employee, the attitudes of one race toward another, the attitude toward taxation, and commercial services. Of late we are called upon to widen the circle to include among those with whom we are to play the game, all the nations and races of the earth.

Frogs and Sunday

(Continued from page 15)

beetle or bug you find that I never saw. . . .' With that he was off. For an hour he kept Norman from his work with the story of his junior and adolescent years. If an intelligent interest had been shown in his daily discoveries he would have been different by this time, a college professor exploring the country side with his class, or the leader of an expedition for some museum. 'When you take up the sheath-winged and half-winged insects, let me share the excitement,' he implored. 'Bring the boys to my home. I have books, pictures, specimens. Capitalize this interest while it lasts. Your boys will let down all too soon, ready for the next stage in their development—the girl stage. If there remains one youngster who desires to go on and on in his study of the insect world as I did, I'll finance him and consider it a privilege.

" 'Keep on, man, keep on,' he continued. 'Have you noticed that the petty thieving in this village has ceased? When the men of the church are ready to share their leisure time, their Sundays, with the boys *in boy interests*, they lay a foundation for law-abiding citizens. Even the problem of racketeering in our cities would be solved if every boy could be placed under the influence of some man, good and true, who could do things, whether searching for frogs by flashlight or making airplanes that actually fly. *Doing something*, and under wholesome Christian influences. That's the secret. Something that may become an avocation for adult leisure time, or a vocation that satisfies. Now, take beetles. . . .'

"And so he went on, Norman says. And that's the story, Mother."

Grandmother opened her gray bag. Then she said, "But where does the Bible come in? That is what bothers me."

The young mother smiled. "I understand. But we do not leave it out."

She went to the playroom and returned with beautifully illustrated books which she placed on the arm of grandmother's chair. "With these," she explained, "we introduce the Bible to children when young, very young, but we enjoy them at any age. Will you read them this afternoon or go to North Ridge for an outing? While Norman and his group of boys are searching for more amphibians, Betty and her little friends are off on a flower hunt. This afternoon we may find a cluster of Indian pipes!"

"Thank you, dear. Some time—not today. My mind is on Roy. I'm writing Maude a long, long letter, and a check. Now—what-is—that?"

"Teddy's alarm clock. Yes, Teddy Boy, I am coming."

* * *

Notes.—The books referred to in the third paragraph from the end are: "The American Standard Bible Readers" published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York City, price 60 cents each.

Primer, *First Bible Stories* by Jessie Eleanor Moore.

Primer, *Jesus and the Children*, by Ethel L. Smither.

First Reader, *Bible Stories to Read*, by Jessie Eleanor Moore.

Second Reader, *Stories of Long Ago*, by Mildred J. McArdle.

The page giving the name of the author and the date of publication are missing from the old Bible story-book from which quotations are made in the fourth paragraph of this manuscript. Name of book, *Line upon Line*. Publisher, T. Whittaker.

Simon the Leper

A Drama of the Christ

By Dorothy Clarke Wilson*

Characters

Simon, *the leper*
Judith, *his sister*
Amon, *his brother*
Susanna, *his betrothed*
Lazarus, *his friend*
Mary, Martha } *sisters of* Lazarus
Jalon, *a leper*

Setting: *A garden between the homes of* Simon *and* Lazarus *in Bethany. There are evidences of wealth and luxury. Flowers are growing in abundance. At left, among other plants, is a bush resembling the oleaster, which has leaves of a silvery sheen and sweet white blossoms. There is an entrance, rear center, to the outer grounds of the estates, approached by a shallow flight of steps; entrance, right, to the house of* Simon *the Leper; entrance, left, to the house of* Lazarus. *There are benches or stone settles at right and left.*

Scene One: The garden on a morning in early spring.

Scene Two: An evening several weeks later.

Scene Three: Afternoon of the day before the Passover.

Scene Four: Early morning on the first day of the week.

Scene One

It is a bright morning in spring. Judith *enters the garden, right, and goes about among the flowers. On an impulse she starts plucking them and soon has her arms full of bright blossoms. She is in a happy mood and half audibly sings the strains of a Psalm as she gathers them. She moves left and, seeing the oleaster bush in bloom, exclaims a delighted "Oh!" She sinks on her knees beside it and is half hidden among the flowers when* Amon *enters, center, so that he does not see her at first. He carries in his hand a leather pouch or bag, and he, too, is in a pleasant mood, for he has just carried through a successful deal, and satisfaction shows on his face. Crossing to bench, right, he gets down on one knee in front of it and is about to empty the coins from the bag onto the bench that he may count them. He takes a handful up and lets it fall through his fingers as if the very touch of the gold were pleasurable.*

Judith *(softly):* Amon!

(He rises hurriedly, puts back the coins in the bag, and thrusts the bag into his girdle.)

Amon *(sharply):* Judith! Where did you come from!

Judith *(laughingly):* I've been here all the time. *(Coming closer and looking at him curiously)* Why, what's the matter, Amon? You look as if—as if you were afraid of something. You aren't afraid of me, are you?

Amon *(with a short laugh):* Afraid—of you! You imagine things, Judith. Why should a man be afraid of his sister?

Judith. That's what I was wondering. *(Changing the subject abruptly)* Look, Amon! Have you ever seen the garden any more wonderful than it is this morning? This is the loveliest time of day, I think, don't you? The flowers are all so soft and cool and dewy and all melting with sunshine. It's like dipping your hands in gold.

Amon *(giving her a quick, suspicious glance):* Dipping your hands—in gold! What—made you think of that?

Judith *(gathering more flowers):* Something is going to happen, Amon! Something wonderful, I think. I thought so when the sound of the temple bells came so clearly this morning at dawn, and I knew it the moment I saw the oleaster bush in bloom. Look, Amon, did you see it? *(She goes over and stands beside it.)* It was Simon's favorite, you know. It's bloomed five times since—since he's been gone.

Amon *(sharply):* Come now, there's no use brooding. Why drag old sorrows from the past? Our brother's gone.

Judith *(softly):* And so was Lazarus—we thought.

Amon: What would you now? Another miracle? Look out or you'll be tempting fate with your dissatisfactions! Isn't it enough that your betrothed came back alive? You should be gay, not sad.

Judith: I am. I am, Amon. And something's going to happen. I know it. I can feel it. Who knows? Perhaps—the Galilean is coming! Perhaps it's for him the oleaster is in bloom. I must make the house beautiful, just like a garden. Come help me, Amon!

Amon *(with a curt gesture):* No, thanks. I have other things to do than dressing up rooms for Galilean—magicians.

(Judith *goes out, right. Sure that he is alone,* Amon *kneels again before bench, right, this time looking around carefully to see that he is not observed, and pours the gold out with extreme care. He counts the coins one by one, slipping them from the bench into the bag. Once he stops, examines a coin carefully, rings it on the bench to see if it is genuine. Satisfied, he begins counting again.)*

(Susanna *appears in entrance, center. She stands watching him for a while, unobserved, a queer little smile curving her lips. Finally she tiptoes forward and comes so close she can peer over his shoulder.)*

Susanna: I like the way you handle it. Your fingers linger on it so caressingly.

Amon *(springing up, startled, at the sound of her voice):* You—Oh! Susanna! You—startled me!

Susanna *(as he starts to put the gold back in the bag):* No, no! Don't put it back! Go on and do your counting. Don't mind me. I like the sight of gold as well as you.

(She leans over the back of the bench and picks up a handful, letting it fall through her fingers slowly. Some of the coins fall on the ground.)

Amon *(stooping to pick them up):* Look out! That's not made to play with!

Susanna *(continuing to finger it until he takes it from beneath her fingers and puts it in the bag):* So—Simon's business must be prospering! How well you guard his interests! I should say, his and—mine! How queer to think this really should belong to me! *(She holds some of the coins in her hands. When he stretches out his hand for them, she surrenders them reluctantly.)* Another month—and I would have been the wife of Simon!

Amon: For once the fates were kind!

Susanna *(purposely misunderstanding him):* Yes, you are right. Even for gold I'd hardly care to be a leper's wife. Tell me, is it your custom to carry a fortune in your belt?

Amon: I just made a good—bargain. The olive orchards have been yielding well these last few seasons.

Susanna *(mockingly):* And you were counting Simon's profits! Your zeal in his behalf is so commendable. One seldom sees a younger brother so devoted.

Amon *(flushing angrily):* I am the master now—and have been these five years.

Susanna: Indeed! And what if Simon should—return—some day? Would you be master then?

Amon: What if the graves should open! You know as well as I the leper is as good as dead. And do the dead return?

(Suddenly realizing the significance of this last statement, he glances quickly over his shoulder at the house of Lazarus, *an expression of fear crossing his face. He backs slowly toward exit, center.)*

Susanna *(laughing, but a little nervously):* A clever argument—were not the house of Lazarus just visible beneath the palm tree! Look again, why don't you? A little fear is excellent for your vanity. Perhaps you'll see Lazarus himself, and he can tell you—if the dead return. *(She turns, startled, as* Judith *enters, right.)* Oh—Judith! You frightened me!

Amon *(in a low voice, laughing in his turn):* At least I'm not the only one that's nervous!

Judith: Oh—it's you, Susanna! I thought I heard voices. *(Putting her arms around the other girl and leading her to bench, right)* I'm glad you came. I've missed you.

Susanna *(lightly):* I can't stay long. Our house is full of guests, important people. I just dropped in to show you a present some one gave me.

(She untwines a long chain of sparkling stones from her neck and drops them in Judith's *lap, standing so as to see the effect the resplendent jewels have on* Judith.*)*

Judith *(holding them up with a little cry of delight):* Oh—Susanna! How beautiful! (Amon *draws near, his eyes narrowing critically.)* When the sun strikes them,

Journal Easter Plays

In the January *Journal* it was announced that the play "A Great Bell Ringing" by William G. Cummings would appear in the February issue. Since that time arrangements have been completed for the use of a longer Easter play by Dorothy Clarke Wilson. Because "Simon the Leper" will require more characters and longer time for preparation, it is published herewith. "A Great Bell Ringing," which requires only five characters and less time for preparation, will appear in the March *Journal*.

*Westbrook, Maine.

they're like a thousand fires! Look, Amon, did you ever see a thing more lovely?

AMON *(handling them critically)*: Genuine, I should say—and worth a goodly sum. A talent could not buy it.

(He hands it back reluctantly to SUSANNA, *who puts it complacently about her neck.)*

SUSANNA: Aren't you curious? Would you not like to know who gave it to me?

JUDITH: Of course.

SUSANNA *(triumphantly)*: Did you ever hear of Ben Jerar, the merchant?

AMON *(excitedly)*: He who is said to own half the caravans between Egypt and Damascus?

SUSANNA: The same. He stopped in Bethany on his way to Alexandria. If you would know, he seeks my hand in marriage.

JUDITH: Oh—Susanna! But you won't—surely you won't—

SUSANNA *(complacently)*: Why not?

AMON: Why not, indeed! Ben Jerar is a name to conjure with. He is half Greek, they say, but gold is just as bright in any language.

*(*JUDITH *gets up and walks slowly away from them, right. Her face shows distressed emotion.)*

SUSANNA *(sharply)*: Well, what is the matter? Don't you want me to be happy?

JUDITH *(chokingly)*: Simon—

SUSANNA: Simon is—gone.

JUDITH *(eagerly)*: Not really gone, Susanna—not for us who loved him. And—he loved you so!

AMON *(sharply)*: Judith! Must you persist in bringing up a buried past!

SUSANNA *(glancing off-stage left)*: There's Lazarus. He's coming here, I think. I must be going.

JUDITH: No—stay.

SUSANNA *(retreating to exit, center)*: I'd rather not. He—*(she gives an involuntary shiver)* frightens me a little. There's something queer about him since he—came back. I've fancied sometimes his eyes could look straight through a person. Besides, he's always talking about that—Galilean. I'm tired of his name.

AMON *(under his breath)*: And so am I.

*(*SUSANNA *slips out, center. Presently* LAZARUS *enters, left. There is about him a certain glow of health and vitality which seems to fill his whole being.)*

JUDITH *(holding out her hands in a gesture of welcome)*: Lazarus! What is it? I can tell by your face that something has happened.

LAZARUS: Jesus is coming! He sent a messenger to tell me.

JUDITH *(happily)*: It's true, then. I knew that something wonderful was going to happen. Oh, Lazarus, when?

LAZARUS: Before the Passover. He's even now beyond the Jordan on his way.

JUDITH: Oh! I must go and find Mary. There will be so much to talk about. And I want to tell her the oleaster bush is blooming! *(Exit left.)*

AMON: Your Galilean must have more courage than I gave him credit for! Doesn't the fellow know they have put a price upon his head?

LAZARUS *(with a quick glance toward exit, left)*: Hush! Don't let the women know! They'd be afraid. They wouldn't understand. *(He sits on bench, left.)*

AMON *(sitting on bench, right)*: It's common property. I heard it only yesterday bandied in the market place.

LAZARUS *(quietly)*: You mean that they have threatened Him with—death.

AMON *(taken aback but continuing with bravado)*: Yes. But I suppose you think He'll only have to wave His hand and legions will surround him. You may find there are limits to His magic.

LAZARUS *(leaning forward and speaking earnestly)*: Amon, why won't you trust me? Why won't you let me be your friend—as Simon did?

AMON *(sullenly)*: I need no friends.

LAZARUS: You were only a boy when Simon went away. You have had to bear the burdens of his interests all yourself. Perhaps I should have helped you more—

AMON *(getting up and turning away as if to end the conversation)*: I need no help. *(He walks away, right, and stands with back turned.)*

*(*JUDITH *and* MARY *enter left.* LAZARUS *gets up and makes a futile gesture toward* AMON, *takes a few steps after him, then, thinking better of it, stops beside bench, right.)*

JUDITH *(pointing to the oleaster bush)*: See, Mary. It is all in bloom. It will be blooming when the Galilean comes.

MARY *(fingering the white blossoms)*: He will like it. He likes all things that are beautiful.

JUDITH *(her face clouding)*: It is the one Simon loved so much. It—it's bloomed five times since he's been gone.

MARY: Only five times? It seems—ages ago—that day he went away. You'll think it strange, but I've almost forgotten how he looked. When I try to remember, his face is like a blur.

*(*JUDITH *walks slowly toward front, left, overcome by emotion,* MARY *following her.)*

JUDITH: Sometimes I think I cannot bear it! This happiness when he is suffering, this health, this freedom—when he is slave to something worse than death! Only this morning I saw a leper in the market place—*(She sinks down on bench, left.)*

(Suddenly SIMON *appears in entrance, center, standing at the head of the steps. No one sees him.* AMON *and* LAZARUS *have their backs to him,* JUDITH'S *face is turned from him.* MARY *bends over the back of the bench to comfort her.)*

LAZARUS: I know. It is hard to understand, and yet—we must have faith.

JUDITH: If I could just know where he is—! *(She leans her head on the back of the bench, and* MARY *puts a comforting arm around her.)*

AMON *(turning impatiently)*: Judith! There's no use digging up dead— *(He catches sight of* SIMON *and draws back, terrified.)*

SIMON *(stretching out his arms toward them)*: Beloved!

(They all turn quickly at the sound of his voice. LAZARUS *utters an amazed "Simon!"* AMON *recoils still further toward exit, right.* JUDITH *lifts her face, stares at* SIMON *in amazement, then with a little cry she runs toward him. When almost to him, she stops and draws back a little, as if still not believing her eyes.)*

SIMON *(holding out his arms)*: Judith! Don't you know me?

JUDITH *(going toward him slowly, almost reverently)*: Simon!

AMON *(sharply)*: Look out! Don't touch him! It's death to touch a leper!

JUDITH *(unheeding)*: Simon—it's you! It is really you! Thank God—you have come home again!

SIMON *(embracing her affectionately)*: Yes—home again.

LAZARUS *(coming forward)*: Simon! My friend!

*(*SIMON *takes both his hands and they look deep into each other's eyes.)*

MARY *(joyfully)*: I must go tell Martha! *(She runs out left, calling)* Martha, come quickly!

SIMON *(turning to* AMON*)*: Amon—my brother! *(He goes toward him, but* AMON *retreats.)* Look, Amon! Can't you see! I'm well again. The leprosy is gone. I'm a new man. The priests have called me clean. *(As* AMON *still holds back.)* Come closer! Look at me! Feel of my flesh. You will find it firm and sound! Look in my face and see the ruddiness of health! I'm healed, I tell you! New life—new strength—is flowing in my veins.

LAZARUS *(devoutly)*: May God be thanked!

*(*AMON *comes slowly toward* SIMON, *looks fearfully into his face, then cautiously feels of the flesh of his arms. As the truth dawns upon him, his face reflects wonder and terror.)*

SIMON *(taking him by the shoulders)*: My brother!

JUDITH *(turning to* MARTHA, *who comes running in, left, followed by* MARY*)*: Look, Martha! It is Simon! He has come home again! He is healed!

MARTHA *(looking at him wide-eyed)*: May God be praised!

SIMON: Yea—God, to be sure. All gifts must come from God. Yet this time there's a man to whom the credit's due. A man called Jesus.

MARY *and* JUDITH *(together)*: Jesus!

LAZARUS: Jesus. Of course.

AMON *(under his breath, drawing back, right)*: Jesus! *(Exit slowly, right.)*

SIMON *(surprised, looking from one to the other)*: You mean—you know him, too?

MARTHA *(excitedly)*: Know him! *Know* him! Why, it was he who brought back Lazarus—

LAZARUS: Hush, Martha! Let us hear Simon's story first. You say it was Jesus who healed you?

JUDITH *(leading* SIMON *to bench, right)*: Come! Sit down. You must be tired.

*(*SIMON *and* JUDITH *sit down,* LAZARUS *standing just behind.)*

MARTHA: And hungry. Why don't I go prepare some food? I baked some barley cakes this morning.

MARY *(sitting on bench, left)*: Martha—not yet! He's going to tell us about Jesus.

SIMON *(hesitantly)*: I'm afraid I cannot tell it so you will understand. Words are poor things to portray experience that shakes you to your very soul. To understand you'd have to feel the horror of a living death—know cold and hunger, suffering and loneliness for days and nights and months and years on end—look down and see your body loathsome, hideous, through your gaping rags—stretch forth your hands and see the flesh decay before your very eyes—*(Shaken with emotion, he pauses, then continues more calmly.)* But there! It's over now. I'm free. I can forget.

JUDITH *(eagerly sympathetic)*: Yes, Simon—yes! You can forget.

SIMON *(in a more matter of fact voice)*: We were living in the caves—a whole colony of us—on the edge of the wilderness. In the winter season the caves are warmer than the open road—and near enough to the villages to do a bit of scavenging. Then each day we could send out scouting parties to the great road to meet the caravans and beg.

JUDITH *(with a little moan)*: Oh!

SIMON: Then one day there came a new man in our midst, one freshly smitten with the plague—a young Samaritan. He told us about a man who had once visited in his city who had strange powers of healing—who had only to stretch forth his hand and the blind saw and the lame walked and—lepers were cleansed. "Come," said the young Samaritan, "come with me, and we will find this Jesus." Strange, you will say, for a Jew to follow a Samaritan! But men in hell don't ask the color of the hand that proffers heaven—nor look to see how many rings there are upon it.

There is a greater brotherhood than that of race.

LAZARUS: And so—you went and found Jesus.

SIMON: There were nine of us who went with him. The rest—Well, some of them laughed and some were indifferent and some were powerless to go—they had no feet to walk on. It seemed we traveled an eternity, and then one day outside a little village we saw Him coming. We stood afar off and called to Him. "Jesus, Master," we cried, "have mercy on us!" And he said, "Go, show yourselves to the priest." And as we went—(*In his sudden excitement* SIMON *gets up and stretches his arms wide*) as we went, *we were healed*! The feeling—I can't describe it. It was more than healing. It was—re-creation!

LAZARUS (*deeply moved*): I know. I know. I too, have felt the Master's healing touch.

SIMON (*startled*): You mean—

MARTHA (*excitedly*): Haven't you heard! You must have heard. The whole world knows by now!

SIMON: I have heard nothing. Tell me what you mean.

MARTHA: Lazarus was dead—

SIMON (*startled, turning toward* LAZARUS): Lazarus—dead! Martha—you're mad!

MARTHA (*plunging tumultuously into the story*): Yes—he was dead. We put him in the tomb—and sealed it. For three days and nights he was there in the tomb! He would be there yet if Jesus had not come. We'd been expecting him. We'd waited all that time, and still he hadn't come. We thought it was too late. And then—he came and only had to speak the word, and Lazarus came forth alive! (*As* SIMON *still regards her unbelievingly*) You tell him, Judith—Mary. He won't believe me.

JUDITH (*more quietly*): Yes. Lazarus was dead. It was just as Martha has said. He was in the tomb three days. Then—Jesus came. He stood beside the tomb and said, "Lazarus, come forth," and —and Lazarus came.

MARTHA: With the grave clothes still wrapped about him!

SIMON (*turning toward* LAZARUS): Lazarus —Lazarus—is this true?

LAZARUS (*bowing his head*): It is true, Simon. I was—what you call—dead. And now—you see—I am alive.

SIMON (*excitedly*): Then—He is even stronger than I thought. He has made all things possible. The new day is at hand when there will be no more sorrow, no more suffering. Jesus has conquered them! For he has conquered even death, itself!

MARTHA: Come, Mary! This is a time for feasting. Simon is home again. We must get busy and prepare some food. (*She bustles out, left, and* MARY *follows a little reluctantly.*)

SIMON (*turning to* JUDITH *with a sudden eagerness that is half fear*): Judith—Susanna—

JUDITH (*a quick shadow of doubt crossing her face*): Of course. I—I should have thought before. You want to see her. I—I'll go and fetch her, Simon.

(*Exit, right.* SIMON'S *eyes follow her. Throughout the following conversation his eyes continually turn toward entrance, right.*)

LAZARUS (*with deep emotion*): Simon—my friend!

(*They clasp each other's hands again, for the moment silenced by the realization of their deep friendship.*)

SIMON (*after a pause*): Now—is our friendship even deeper, more abiding. For we have touched the depths and heights together. Now these things are past. We can put them behind us—and forget—and live again!

LAZARUS (*dropping his hands slowly*): Forget?

SIMON: Yea. Death and suffering.

LAZARUS (*slowly*): And what are—death and suffering? Simon, do you know—Jesus?

SIMON: Not yet. I have but barely seen him. But I shall know him. I am going to help him, Lazarus. I am going to use my wealth. If he is the Messiah, as the people say, he will need all the wealth and influence of men like us to help set up his kingdom. I've been thinking, Lazarus. I'm going to give a feast, a great feast to which all in Bethany shall be invited. Jesus shall come—and all the throngs that he has healed, and we will tell him all about our plans.

(SUSANNA *enters, right. Seeing her coming,* LAZARUS *goes out, left.* SIMON *does not even notice his departure. His eyes are on* SUSANNA. *He goes slowly forward to meet her, holding out his arms.*)

SIMON (*joyfully*): Susanna!

(*She takes a few steps forward, then stops. Seeing her hesitate,* SIMON *drops his arms. She comes toward him again, slowly, and he goes to meet her, taking both her hands in his.*)

SIMON: Susanna! My beloved! (*She shrinks a little from his touch.*)

SUSANNA (*drawing her hands away and retreating*): So—so it's really you! (*She laughs nervously*) How—how strange to see you here—again!

SIMON: Susanna—are you not glad to see me? (*He steps toward her, and, seeing that she shrinks from him, stops.*) You need not be afraid. I have not come back to you the way I went away. My touch will not hurt you. Can't you see! I'm healed, Susanna—healed!

SUSANNA: Yes. Yes, I see. (*She fingers her necklace nervously.*)

SIMON (*in a low voice*): If you could know how I have looked forward to this hour! I have lived for it. I have dreamed of it—all these long years. You are just as beautiful. You haven't changed, Susanna.

SUSANNA (*laughing nervously*): You still think—I'm beautiful? It—it's this necklace, perhaps. You used to say, you know, that this color matched my eyes. Look, Simon! Isn't it a lovely thing?

SIMON (*fingering the necklace, then dropping his hands to hers*): It's not so lovely as the things that I can give you—not half so lovely as the chain of rubies I saw only yesterday. I told the merchant I'd be back some day to get it.

SUSANNA: Oh, Simon, did you really? We —we used to have good times together, didn't we?

SIMON: We will again. Life is so short, Susanna! We've lost five years already. Now—we must drink it to the full!

SUSANNA: There! Now you sound more like yourself. You seemed so stern at first—and serious. You almost frightened me. (*After a pause*) Oh, Simon, I've got good news for you. Only today I came on Amon counting a great heap of gold. I think that you've been growing rich while you've been gone.

SIMON: 'Twill all be yours when you become my wife. (*Taking her hands*) Even my life is yours. I couldn't wait to get back home—just to see you again. I didn't even stop—

(*Suddenly the significance of what he is about to say strikes him, and he drops her hands, and turns away.* SUSANNA, *her pride touched that in this moment he can think of anything but her, draws herself up quickly.*)

SUSANNA: Well, what is it? You didn't even stop for—what?

SIMON (*very slowly*): I didn't even stop to —thank—Him! God forgive me! (*He stands with bowed head, as* SUSANNA *draws away.*)

CURTAIN

Scene Two

Some days later. It is evening. Soft lights stream from the direction of SIMON'S *house, right, but the left half of the stage is in shadow. All lights are dim. The feast is going on in* SIMON'S *house. A great crowd has gathered. Voices are heard indistinctly.*

MARY *enters, left. She carries very carefully in her hand an alabaster vase filled with precious ointment. She moves a little way across the stage and pauses, lifting her eyes expectantly toward the windows of* SIMON'S *house. There is about her a spiritual exaltation which colors her every movement. Her hair is unbound, and she is dressed in a simple robe of white.*

MARTHA (*calling off-stage left*): Mary! Mary!

(*Hearing the voice,* MARY *hastily conceals the vase at her side and draws back into the shadows, left.* MARTHA *enters, left, carrying a large jar in the crook of her arm, a lighted lamp in her other hand.* JUDITH *enters, right.*)

MARTHA (*excitedly*): Judith! Have you seen anything of Mary? I am sure she was in the house a moment ago.

JUDITH: Mary? No, I haven't seen her. A while ago she was with the servants. (*Turns and looks back toward the house. Suddenly she clutches* MARTHA *by the arm.*) Look, Martha! Look! You can see Him! He's reclining next to Lazarus, and Simon is on His other side. There! He's turning now to speak to Lazarus. Look! You can see His face!

MARTHA (*much disturbed*): Judith! What shall we do? Here the feast is only half over, and already our supplies of food are getting low. Never have I seen so many people gathered within four walls. And we have even had to spread tables in the outer courts. You would think Simon had bidden half Jerusalem to his feast, to say nothing of the whole of Bethany! Though I'd venture to say not half of them were invited.

JUDITH (*radiantly*): I know. They have come to see *Him*, Martha. They've come because they love Him. They believe in Him because He raised Lazarus from the dead.

MARTHA: What shall we do? The last of the loaves are already on the tables—

JUDITH (*unheeding*): Martha! Martha, do you suppose—What if the time has nearly come when He is going to set up His kingdom! It seems tonight as if He had all things at His feet, as if the whole world would follow where He led! Oh, Martha —if we could only help Him!

Note to Producers

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MARTHA (*impatiently*): We'll help Him most by seeing that these guests receive sufficient food. A poor host they'll think your brother if he give them not even a morsel of bread to dip with! And what will the Master think if the feast in His honor be not well served! Some one must go to the inn and inquire of Ben Joseph if he has loaves to spare.

JUDITH (*finding it hard to get her mind on practical things*): You say—go to the inn? I'll send one of the servants. (*She turns, right.*)

MARTHA: And trust that many shekels to strange hands? No, Judith, I think you'd better go yourself.

(JUDITH *goes out, center, reluctantly, her eyes still turning toward the window, right.* MARTHA *turns toward exit, right.*)

MARY (*softly*): Martha!

MARTHA (*turning quickly*): Mary! Where have you been? I've been looking for you. The fig cakes must be made ready, and—(*As* MARY *comes slowly into the light,* MARTHA *looks at her in amazement. She leans forward to peer at her, holding the lamp closer.*) What is it? What are you doing? (*As* MARY *does not answer*) Where are you going with your hair all unbound like that? (*Still* MARY *does not reply, and finally even* MARTHA *draws back at sight of the exaltation in her face.* MARTHA *spies the vase and stares at it in astonishment, her voice dropping to an awed whisper.*) Mary! Your—alabaster box!

MARY (*standing quietly, the vase pressed to her breast*): It is the most precious thing I have to give Him.

MARTHA (*astonished*): You mean—you are going to give it to—the Master?

MARY (*bowing her head*): I have been keeping it for Him. I am going to give it to Him—now.

MARTHA (*decidedly*): Of course you are going to do no such thing. Surely you are not going into the hall of feasting like that—like a bold woman of the streets—with your hair all unbound. If you must give it to Him, save it for some more appropriate time, or else send it by one of the servants. This is no time to be thinking of gifts, with all the work there is to do. Come, help me make ready those fig cakes.

MARY: No. I am going now. I am going into the banquet hall and break the seal of my precious nard and with it I will anoint His feet—because I am not worthy even to pour oil upon His head.

MARTHA: Mary—Mary! The crowds will think you a bold woman. They will not understand.

MARY (*eagerly*): No—but, Martha, can't you see? That's the very reason why I must go. None of them understands. He has so few real friends—even in that great throng! So few who really love Him for Himself! Somehow I can't help thinking—He must feel very much alone. I feel as if I must show Him—in some way—how we love Him.

MARTHA (*slowly, after a pause*): You are a strange child, Mary. Sometimes—I cannot understand you.

MARY: He—will understand.

(MARTHA *stands regarding her for a moment in perplexity, then, as if suddenly reminded of her duties, she starts briskly off stage, right. Almost at the exit, she turns and looks at* MARY *again, then goes out.* MARY *lifts her face to the windows of* SIMON'S *house and stands a long moment as if in consecration, then goes very slowly out, right.*

(*Presently* SUSANNA *enters, center, almost stealthily, glances about surreptitiously, then moves slowly across stage, right. She stands looking into the windows of* SIMON'S *house, standing on tiptoe and peering to get the best view possible. Emboldened, she draws closer into the circle of light streaming from the house.* AMON *appears center and stands watching her, a slow, ironical smile curving his lips.*)

AMON (*in a low voice*): What! Spying!

SUSANNA (*wheeling quickly*): Oh! (*In relief*) It's you!

AMON (*coming toward her*): Enjoying the fine spectacle, I see! The house of Simon opening wide its arms to all the riff raff of the streets—in honor of a peasant! Don't tell me you too have fallen victim to this magician's charms!

SUSANNA: I—I was just curious to see Him. I've heard so much about Him.

AMON: You'll hear a good deal more if Simon has his way.

SUSANNA: What do you mean?

AMON: What! The future wife of Simon has not yet heard of Simon's plans! But then! Doubtless she'd have small interest in the way he spends his fortune.

SUSANNA: Amon—tell me!

AMON (*folding his arms and regarding her sardonically*): Ah, I'm mistaken. So she is not indifferent, after all.

SUSANNA: You know I'm not indifferent.

AMON (*eyes narrowing as he approaches her*): Yes. You're right. I do know. I know you far better than Simon ever will—because he's made of different stuff from you and me. Maybe he wasn't once, but he is now. Something has changed him.

SUSANNA (*eagerly*): Then you have felt it too? It has seemed to me these last few days that he is like a stranger. He has made himself a slave to this low Galilean. Look at him now—reclining beside this peasant at his own table!

AMON (*eyes narrowing*): Yea, look at him—spending the good gold I have earned for him to feed the rabble! And he thinks, does he, that he is going to use the rest of it to put this Galilean on a throne!

SUSANNA (*eyes flashing*): No! Never! I shall not let him!

AMON: How will you stop him?

SUSANNA: He loves me. He will do anything I ask him.

AMON: What! You didn't ask him not to give this feast! (*As* SUSANNA *shows confusion*) Aha! I thought so. (*He comes closer and speaks with intensity.*) No, Susanna, you cannot stop him! But—*I can!* I can—and, what is more, *I will!* He is through with making me a laughing stock. Before this week is passed I'll—

(*Suddenly a cry comes from offstage. It is* JALON *standing outside at the gate.*)

JALON (*plaintively, in a long cry, after the manner of lepers*): Unclean! Unclean!

SUSANNA (*drawing back*): What—what was that?

AMON (*turning with decision*): Wait here! I'll go and see!

(*He goes out, center.* SUSANNA *stands for a moment uncertainly, then, hearing* JUDITH *coming, she backs toward exit, center, and disappears.* JUDITH *enters, right. She looks all around anxiously. Finally* AMON *enters, center.*)

JUDITH. Oh! Amon! What was it? I'm sure I heard something. It sounded like—like—(*breaking off with a shudder.*)

AMON (*in a matter of fact voice*): It was nothing. Only a leper—a poor beggar at the gate. I told the servants to drive him away.

JUDITH: A—a leper?

AMON: Surely. What is there strange in that?

JALON (*crying again, this time from a distance*): Unclean! Unclean! (*Suddenly* SIMON *enters, right. He is much disturbed.*)

SIMON (*sharply*): What was that! What was that cry! (*He starts toward exit, center, but* AMON *holds him forcibly by the arm*). Let me go—quick! There is a man out there. I've got to go to him!

AMON (*soothingly*): You're mistaken. There is no one there. I've just been in the outer court.

SIMON: No one—there! But—I could swear I heard—

(*He goes as far as the gate,* AMON'S *restraining hand still on his arm, then turns back.*)

AMON: There was a beggar. I threw him a coin and told him to be gone. You'd better go back. Your guests are waiting.

(SIMON *shakes off* AMON'S *hand and, overcome by the stress of his sudden emotion, walks toward front of stage and stands looking away, lost in the tumult of the memories which the cry of* JALON *has invoked.* JUDITH *draws a little closer, anxious to help him.* AMON *shrugs his shoulders and with a contemptuous backward glance goes out center.*)

SIMON (*hardly above a whisper*): God—forgive me! I had—forgotten—

JUDITH (*softly*): Simon! (*He turns, conscious of her presence, and permits her to lead him to the bench, left. He sinks down upon it and sits in thoughtful silence while she regards him anxiously.*) Simon! What is it! Tell me.

SIMON: It's—nothing. (*After a pause*) Only—it brings it back, that's all—those days and months—and years—of suffering. That man—that beggar, Judith—that—*leper!* He *was* a leper. I know. I heard him. That cry—I used to cry like that—"Unclean! Un—"

JUDITH (*distressed, covering his mouth with her hand*): Hush! Hush, Simon! Please! That's all over now.

SIMON: Not for—that man.

JUDITH: We'll find him. We'll find him—somehow. We'll make him well again. Jesus will heal—

SIMON (*pressing a weary hand to his forehead*): Jesus—Can Jesus heal them all? (*After a pause*) I had a friend—back there. His name was Jalon. We shared the same food—slept in the same hard crevice in the rocks. When my rags fell apart, he gave me some of his. What about—Jalon? And the thousands like him?

JUDITH: Jesus will heal them. He can do all things.

SIMON (*rising and turning away*): I wonder—can he? I thought he could—yet, after all, what does he know of suffering? Has he ever suffered? Has he ever been despised and scourged and buffeted—seen faces turned away from him in scorn and loathing—felt pain and anguish gnawing to his very vitals—as I have done?

JUDITH: Simon! You talk so strangely!

SIMON: Forgive me, Judith. But—if I could only know! I was so sure—and now—

(MARY *enters, right. She carries the alabaster vase, empty.*)

MARY (*softly, coming toward* JUDITH): Judith! Judith! It is done. I gave it to Him. I gave it all to Him.

JUDITH (*with understanding*): I know. Your precious spikenard.

MARY: And, Judith—He was pleased. I know He was.

JUDITH (*touching the vase with awe*): Its fragrance is so sweet—it fills all the garden. It almost seems as if it must fill all the world and reach toward heaven. Mary—why are you weeping?

MARY: He said the strangest thing—

(Continued on page 35)

Suggestions for Building Worship Programs

MARCH SUGGESTIONS FOR PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

*By Bernice A. Buehler**

THEME: *"Springtime Joys"*

Thinking With the Leader

The arrival of spring brings with it many new and pleasant experiences: birds are returning from their winter homes, the grass is becoming a mat of green, the trees are being covered with lovely lacy branches, and the flowers are peeking through the ground. Children who see and appreciate this act of awaking and recreating in nature will feel the urge to do something, creatively. Springtime is one of the most suggestive seasons in which to do creative work in poems, stories, and songs. If you have never had your group write a poem, try it this month or next. If you are in a section of the country where the signs of spring are not yet arriving, change the suggested order and materials to meet your own situation.

How shall we go about the writing of a springtime poem or song? In the most natural way possible. No one else's way will be easy and natural for you. Therefore, you must find and create your own method of procedure. Here are a few suggestions; absorb and recreate them in your own individualistic manner. First, create an atmosphere of springtime in your room with pictures of returning birds and their new homes, children making gardens, the early flowers of spring, the bright sunshine, and rippling streams. Select music and poems accordingly.

Let the children tell about the signs of spring which they have noticed. Read to them several poems which express the springtime thought of different people. Then ask the children, "If you were writing a poem of the springtime, what are some of the things which you would want to tell about?" List their suggestions: singing birds, beautiful flowers, green grass. Then ask, "What would you want to say about the birds?" Write the answers of several children upon the board. Ask the same question concerning another of their suggestions, and another. After several suggestions have been made for various things, re-word and re-arrange verses in a stanza. Do not work too long this first time. The size of your group must determine largely the amount of time given to this project. (The best way is to devote a short period on successive Sundays.) Ask the children to think about their poem at home. Perhaps they would like to write another one to bring to church school next Sunday.

The following "Litany For Spring" was written by a first grade class and later shared with the other classes in a worship service.

Thank you God, for the rain and snow
That makes the pretty flowers grow.
Thank you God, for the bright warm sun
For grass and trees and little green buds.
Refrain:
Thank you for the happy spring
Thank you God, for everything.

Thank you for the bluebird's song
That tells us winter is almost gone.
Thank you for the clouds up high
And the rainbow in the sky.
Refrain:

Thank you God, for the daffodils
Pretty tulips and yellow jonquils.
Thank you for the lilies white
That come from bulbs so brown and tight.
Refrain:

This litany shows the influence of the songs and poems which the children had learned and made a part of their own vocabulary. Your group can do just as well. Adventure creatively; you will be surprised at the results.

In a very similar manner, songs can be written by a group. You might suggest that they write an additional stanza for one of the songs which they like best. Better still, if you have an ear for music, encourage the children to write their own words and music. One primary group, in a summer vacation school, was learning the song "My Garden." It tells of the way in which "God and I" help to make the seeds grow. "We ought to include the birds and bees" suggested one child. Following that suggestion this stanza was written to include the helpers they had discovered.

And God sends tiny fishworms
For digging in the ground
He sends the birds to eat insects
Bees carry pollen 'round.

Needless to say that song became one of the group's favorites.

Encourage the children to write group and class prayers in the same manner as they write poems and songs. The suggestion for the work should come from the children. Occasionally, out of a clear sky, some child may suggest the writing of a poem, but more frequently the stage must be set by the leader. Do not be discouraged if your first attempt does not produce a master poem. It may be a new venture for the children as well as yourself. The next time both you and the children will be wiser and freer.

In the meantime, on a Sunday afternoon wander off to some lovely spot. Read a few of your choice nature poems, look at the growing beauty around you, then express your thoughts in an original poem. Do it just for the joy of creating—and the experience.

Activities Conducive to Worship

1. Make a garden, planting flower seeds or bulbs. Egg shells will make attractive individual gardens. Show the children how to make tiny holes in each end of the egg and blow the egg out of one of the holes. Tell them to bring the empty egg shell to church school. Plant individual seeds and set the shell in a pan of sand to hold it upright.
2. Make a window flower-box to give to someone—a crippled or sick child, or a dear old lady.
3. Decorate the room with "springtime" signs: a frieze of birds or flowers, flower gardens pasted on the windows, or silhouette birds pinned on the curtains.
4. Make springtime posters illustrating stories, poems, or scenes which they have seen.
5. Make seasonal posters to illustrate "He hath made everything beautiful in its time."
6. Write original poems, stories, songs, or prayers.
7. Memorize Ecclesiastes 3:11a; Song of Solomon 2:11-12; one Easter song; one springtime song.
8. Make a booklet, "Signs of Spring."
9. Illustrate songs in booklets to share with someone else.
10. Make a collection of seasonal poems which the children bring to the church school. Let them choose the best liked ones for their own books.
11. Make springtime sand-table scenes.

March 4

THEME: *"He Hath Made Everything Beautiful in Its Time"*

HAVE ON HAND:

1. Pictures suggesting the seasons with several on spring.
2. Books of poems with spring poems marked.[1]
3. A large sheet of drawing paper with Ecclesiastes 3:11a printed in the center of the paper.

FELLOWSHIP: After the first arrivals have looked at the pictures and read some of the poems, show them the poster with the words of Ecclesiastes 3:11a. Let them find seasonal pictures which show how the world is made "beautiful in its time." Talk about the pictures, then let the children work together in making posters of colored pictures to illustrate the various seasons. These might be individual posters or they might be made on the four corners of the large poster. If only a few of the children arrive early, let them choose pictures which have been cut from magazines to illustrate the seasons. Paste those on your large poster. Encourage the children to re-read the poems and choose one for each season of the year.

QUIET MUSIC: "Au Matin," Godard[2]

SONG: "Every Morning Seems to Say"[3]

LEADER: God has different ways of making the world beautiful. This morning the flowers are asleep, trees are brown and bare but the ground is covered with snow, we are having winter and everything is very beautiful. In a few weeks the ground, flowers, and trees will be changed and we will have another season of our year. What do we call the next season? What are some of the things which help to make spring a beautiful season of the year? (Talk about the other seasons. Look at the pictures and recall most familiar seasonal songs.) A long, long time ago there lived a man who loved God very much. He often thought of God's share in making the world beautiful, and one day he wrote a verse which later was included in the Bible. (Read Ecclesiastes 3:11a from the Bible.) The children who came early this morning made a poster to tell the story

I John 4 : 8, 11

—From *Songs for Little People* by Danielson and Conant. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

*Student, The Divinity School, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

of that verse. (Let two of the children show the poster. Those who made it should read the poems which they chose to tell of the seasons.)

SONG: "A Prayer for Each Season"[1]
"Father, We Thank Thee'
"All Things Bright and Beautiful"[6]

OFFERING: "Thy Work, O God, Needs Many Hands"[7]

LEADER: God needs helpers to keep his world beautiful. We share our gifts in church school to help others to know of his love and care.

PRAYER:

We thank thee, God, for the beautiful world in which we live. We thank thee for the snow and ice, for the song of the birds and brooks, the bright sunshine, the many colored flowers, and the ripe fruits in the garden. All these tell of thy love and we are happy. Help us to use our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and our lips to tell of thy love and care for all people. Amen.

SONG: "How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care,"[8] or chorus of "Father, We Thank Thee"[5]

March 11

THEME: *"God's Gift of Spring"*

HAVE ON HAND:

1. An egg shell for your garden. (Plan to have growing plants in your room at Easter.)
2. Suggestions one and two of last week.
3. The completed poster.
4. Silhouette cut-outs to beautify the room in springly fashion.

STORY: "God's Gift of Spring"

Once upon a time a king and queen lived in a beautiful palace. They had everything in all the world to make them happy. Just one thing made them sad. The queen was sick. All day long she had to sit in her chair beside the window. "How I wish I had something to make me happy," she said.

"I shall send my messengers all over the country," said the king, "to tell the people that I will grant a wish to anyone who can please you."

So the word went all over the land that the king would grant a wish to the person who could make the queen happy.

In a cottage far from the king's highway Ceneth lived with his mother. He sold bundles of wood that he gathered in the woods. He ran errands for the people in the village. Ceneth heard the people talking about the queen, and about the king's message. Now Ceneth loved the queen. Once she had smiled at him when she drove by in her carriage. "I should like to do something to make her happy," he said.

"Perhaps your friends in the woods can help you," his mother said.

"Oh, no," said Ceneth, "the woods are bare and dead. The trees are black, the moss is dry, and the flowers are still asleep."

The next day Ceneth had to go to the woods to get firewood to sell in the village. As he walked along he was thinking about the queen. How he wished he knew something that would make her well. He stooped to pick up some sticks. As he bent over he saw something blue beside an old tree stump. He bent closer. It was a violet plant with deep blue violets, the bluest he had ever seen.

"Why, this means spring is coming," he said. "Soon all the woods will be in bloom. I know what I will do! I shall take this plant to the queen. Perhaps it will make her happy to know that spring is not far away."

Very carefully, so that he would not hurt even the tiniest root, Ceneth dug up the violet. He made a bed for it from moss and sticks and carried it home as fast as he could. His mother gave him a little white crock to put it in. He filled it with soft black earth and planted the violet there.

"To-morrow, I shall take it to the queen," he said. He was up early the next morning for the king's palace was far from his mother's cottage. He had a long way to walk, but Ceneth did not mind that. He had a gift for the queen.

When he reached the palace the guard did not want to let him in. So he slipped by when the gates were opened to let a carriage through. He was a little frightened as he walked up the great stone steps. He almost wished he had not come. Up, up he went to the big throne room. He opened the door and looked in. There sat the queen upon her chair and beside her stood the king. Around her were the fine ladies and gentlemen who had brought gifts to her. Each one hoped that his gift would make the queen happy, so that the king would grant his wish. Their gifts filled a large table—wonderful fruit from a country across the sea, flowers larger and more beautiful than had ever been seen in the land. The whole room was full of their fragrance. Sparkling jewels and glittering gems were spread out before the queen.

Ceneth saw these things and he turned back. His gift looked so small beside the others. But just as he closed the door, the king saw him.

"Come in," said the king. "Have you a gift for the queen, too?"

Ceneth went slowly past the fine people who stood before the queen. He held out the little violet in its white crock. "I thought this would make you happy," he said. "I found it yesterday. It will show you that spring is coming."

He put the crock in the queen's hand. The queen looked at the violets and then she smiled just as Ceneth had seen her do from her carriage window.

"Why, this is beautiful," she said. "I did not know that winter was over. I know that I shall get better now, if spring is coming. This is the first flower of spring."

Then the king turned to Ceneth, "What is the wish you want me to grant?" he asked.

"I have no wish," Ceneth said. "I am glad my gift pleased the queen. Often she has made me happy." Then he started to go out of the throne room.

"Do not go," called the king. "I should like to have a boy like you to come to live with me at the palace. Will you come?"

"I cannot do that," Ceneth said, "for I take care of my mother."

"Your mother shall come, too," the king answered. "We'll send the carriage to get her now."

That night in his new room in the king's palace Ceneth knelt by his bed. "Thank you, dear heavenly Father," he said, "for helping me to make the queen happy. Thank you for your gift of spring."

—MYRTLE IRENE MILFORD. Used by permission of the author.

SONG: "'Tis God Who Sends the Spring"[9] *(new)*

March 18

THEME: *"The Springtime Message, 'God is Love'"*

STORY: "Paul's Easter Song"

A boy whose name was Paul stood looking out of the window. It was a cold, gray afternoon in the autumn and the branches of the trees were bare. The leaves had fallen and were blowing about the lawn, brown and yellow and red. Paul saw a vine without any leaves dangling from the brick wall and a bird's nest was lying on the ground. The wind had blown it out of the tree where the leaves had hidden it all summer.

When the postman opened the gate and came up the path, Paul ran to open the door.

"Well, Paul," said the postman, "here is a box for you. Is this your birthday?"

"No," said Paul, "I wonder what it can be!" He ran to his mother and they opened the box together. Off came the string, then the paper, and the cover. The box seemed to be full of soft gray moss. and on it lay a card.

Paul's mother said, "The box is from grandfather, and he has written a message for you on this card." She read, "Hide these sleepy flowers away in your garden, Paul, and they will wake up when the birds come back, and you are singing your Easter song."

Paul lifted a handful of moss and there lay six little brown bulbs.

"Crocuses!" said Paul's mother.

"Can we plant them now?" asked Paul.

Paul ran for the trowel and they went into the garden.

"We will plant them near the brick wall, so that they will not get the coldest winds," said Paul's mother.

"And the sun shines there very often," said Paul.

They planted them close together, and left them to rest in the brown earth. Paul brought brown and yellow leaves and covered them, and the very next night a snow cover fell from the sky to keep them warmer still. Sometimes when the dark nights were very cold Paul wondered if the crocuses were as warm as he was, under the soft blankets of his bed, and he said, "What a long time the crocuses sleep! All winter is a long night."

The days came and went, and some of them were very cold and some were dark and stormy. Paul outgrew his winter coat, but by that time the sun was warmer and he did not need it any longer. One Sunday when he started for Sunday school he saw a bluebird on the brick wall. He saw pussy willows by the bridge as he passed and that very day the children began to learn their Easter song. It made Paul think of his crocuses when he sang, "Flowers wake that safe were hidden," and he remembered the bluebird on the brick wall when he sang, "Birds come back as they are bidden."

That day Paul's teacher said, "Soon it will be Easter Sunday. Shall we bring some of the beautiful things that show that the flowers are waking and the birds coming back?"

One of the children said, "I will bring the pussy willows that are down by the bridge."

Another child said, "I will ask my father to get me some of the chestnut buds that are on our horse-chestnut tree. They are fat and sticky and ready to burst."

Paul said, "If my crocuses wake up I will bring them."

Every child planned to bring something.

Saturday was cloudy and cold, and when the children looked out of their windows before they went to bed that night, great snowflakes were falling slowly down. They looked like butterflies as they settled on the ground and on the trees. While the children slept the snow covered the bushes and hid the pussy willows. It lay thick on the brick wall, but only a thin cover of snow fell on the place where the crocuses were sleeping. The brick wall kept it away.

When the clear spring sun came up and sparkled on the snow it made so bright a world that the people could not look at it. Paul opened the blind to look out and had to cover his eyes.

The bluebird had come back and was swinging in the dangling vine and crackling off its snow covering. In the place where Paul and his mother had planted six little bulbs on a gray afternoon so long ago, six yellow crocuses stood, looking like gold against the snow. When Paul ran out to see if they were awake he found them there. He kneeled on the snow so that he could look into each one. In each crocus he saw a bright little star.

They brought the trowel again, and Paul's mother very gently lifted the crocus bulbs, earth, snow and all, and put them in a little dish. Paul carried the dish very slowly down the path, out through the gate and up the road to Sunday school. The bright sun was melting the snow. As Paul walked under the trees it fell, drip, drip, drip, on his new straw hat.

Paul's teacher put the crocuses on a low table, so that even the littlest children could look in and see the bright little stars.

Then the other children came. and one said, "The snow hid the leaves on the horse-chestnut tree and so I forgot." Another said, "The snow covered the pussy willows, and I could not get them."

"There was nothing to bring," said another.

But all of the children stood around the table, looking into the yellow crocuses as they sang, "Flowers wake that safe were hidden," and they could hear the birds twittering in the vines around the windows, and see them as they flew back and forth, for they had come back as they were bidden.

—ELIZABETH COLSON, in *The Pilgrim Elementary Magazine*. Published by The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

SONG: "God Is Love"[10] *(Printed herein)* Interpret this with the use of pictures.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC: "Spring Song," Mendelssohn[11]

LEADER: The springtime made the musician Mendelssohn so happy that he wrote some music which he called the "Spring Song." While Miss R. plays this selection of music, "Spring Song," we will try to picture the bees, birds, and flowers Mendelssohn thought of when he wrote the music.

March 25

THEME: *"Sharing Springtime Joys"*

Encourage the classes to share their springtime experiences, poems, songs, stories which they have written or learned. Use the Song of Solomon 2:11-12, the springtime song of long ago.

Interpret a springtime picture. "All Things Bright and Beautiful" by Margaret Tarrant is one of the loveliest pictures for a primary department. If you do not have the picture, try to borrow it from a nursery or beginners' department, or perhaps from a superintendent in another church. You can order the picture from Hale, Cushman and Flint, 857 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Additional Materials

MUSIC:
"My Garden"[12]
"Sleep, Little Seed"[13]
"Nature's Easter Story"[14]
"Green Things Growing"[15]
"Bluebirds' Return"[16]
"Easter Greeting"[17]

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC:
"Morning," Grieg
"To Spring," Grieg
"The Swan," Saint Saens
"The Lark's Song," Tschaikowsky

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[1] *Poems for the Very Young Child*, compiled by Delores Knippel, and *One Hundred Best Poems for Boys and Girls*, compiled by Marjorie Barrows and published by Whitman Publishing Co., Racine, Wis. Look also for the Saalfield Publishing Company's books at Woolworth's. They are excellent.

[3], [4], [5], [6], [7], [10], [12], [13], [14], [17] *Primary Music and Worship*. Philadelphia, Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, 1930.

[8], [13] Elizabeth McE. Shields, *Worship and Conduct Songs for Beginners and Primaries*. Richmond, Va., Presbyterian Committee of Publication, 1929.

[2], [3], [5], [6], [13], [16] Clara Beers Blashfield, *Song Friends for Younger Children*. Rock Island, Ill., The Vaile Company, 1931.

[5], [8], [9] Edith Lovell Thomas, *First Book in Hymns and Worship*. New York, The Abingdon Press, 1922.

[3], [13], [15] Danielson and Conant, *Song and Play for Little Children*. Boston, The Pilgrim Press, 1925.

[10] Danielson and Conant, *Songs for Little People*. Boston, The Pilgrim Press, 1915.

[11] Louis Untermeyer, *This Singing World*. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company.

MARCH SUGGESTIONS FOR THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

*By May Fenerty Settle**

"For every child moral and spiritual training that he may be able to stand firm under the pressure of life."—CHILDREN'S CHARTER, White House Conference.

"Worship is in itself an effective means of training persons in the Christian way of life."—A. W. MARTIN.

THEME FOR THE MONTH: *Worship—Decision—Easter*

WORD TO THE LEADER: *Start early!* Plans suggested may be worked out in such way as to be useful—

1. To schools using the juniors in a general school service on Easter;

2. To schools which unite all parts of the school in a church service on Easter;

3. To schools planning pre-Easter classes leading to decision;

4. To schools which will provide no other decision motivation than the usual departmental worship.

The junior has been kept in mind in the planning of these suggestions. The leaders must determine *how* the selected plans shall be utilized.

Start early! If the pictures are not already at hand, they must be ordered and this takes time. The full month is none too long for the order sent to England for Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple," but it is so eminently worth while that it should not be overlooked.

Start early! Simplicity is the key note but nothing can be worshipful which is so unfamiliar as to require attention to the mechanics of use.

Start early! It is usually easier to secure weekday time for special training during the Lenten season. Make your plans and announce your meetings early enough to have a clear road. Then make your gatherings real growth experiences, letting the juniors plan and execute with you. Wisely safeguarded, these extra periods should not be mere rehearsals which so often have wrong marginal learnings (inattention, disorder, irreverence), but a real sharing in the deeper meanings of the pre-Easter season.

Note that the climactic service of the series will come on Easter Day, April 1, which for many groups will be Decision Day. During this month we are studying the pattern on which we may order our lives. On the first Sunday of next month some of us will publicly declare our decision to order our lives after this pattern. Some others will make the decision silently. Let us pray that all will see more clearly and feel more deeply the call of the Master.

OBJECTIVES FOR THE MONTH: These are implicit in the phraseology of the theme—that worship shall contribute to growth toward Christian decision, both inward and outward, and to happy participation in the appreciations which give value to the season.

RESOURCES: Because of their specific character, these are arranged under the specific dates.

March 4

THEME: "*Among the Things of My Father*" (The Pattern for Our *Choosing*)

HYMNS:

"O Master Workman of the Race"

"O Jesus, Once a Nazareth Boy"

PICTURE FOR STUDY: "Finding of Christ in the Temple," Holman Hunt

For the department—size 11x18½; colored; order from the Keeper of the Birmingham Art Gallery, Birmingham, England; 75 cents. (Send money order.)

For individual pupils—3¾x6; 5 cents; found in "Religion in Art Series," Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

GUIDANCE FOR PICTURE STUDY:

Art Studies in the Life of Christ, Albert E. Bailey

Junior Method in the Church School, Marie Cole Powell, chapter 17 (Abingdon Press)

WORD TO THE LEADER:

The picture by Hunt is selected in preference to the more familiar Hofmann (which, however, may be used if necessary) because it starts more nearly with the present experience of our juniors and "grows upon one" as it is studied. Listen to what Professor Bailey says in his book, *Art Studies in the Life of Christ:* "We see an anxious mother, a strong and virtuous father, both relieved to find their lost boy and bent on taking him away at once. This is what we might expect. But the boy is the focus of the picture and to him we should look for the true significance of the whole scene. He is a strong lad who can saw a plank or walk a hundred miles as well as his elders. His face is truly a lad's face; but the clear eyes show that the soul within has fully wakened; and the only half-yielding body is a warning that his parents must regard him no longer as a child. . . . He has reverently and frankly come to learn, and he has found the temple to be in very truth God's house . . . because he brought His father with him. In his soul God has ripened to consciousness, as in our own souls he may ripen today. And though the boy knows it not, on his right is the great tradition he is destined to fulfil and destroy, and on his left is the suffering world he is destined to serve and redeem."

See how the artist leads your eye inevitably to the face of the lad by the lines of draperies, of feet and robes, of hands, of the bent body of the mother, by the looks of the rabbis. Besides being in the foreground and so larger, besides being the subject of interest of both his family and the teachers, he is the center of many imaginary lines to which almost every object in the picture contributes its bit.

Remember also that Hunt was an antiquarian and knew how to suggest the size and impressiveness of the Temple, but see also how he has suggested the pride and pomp of those who built the Temple for their own glory rather than Jehovah's! See how the artist has portrayed the true character of the "teachers" in the faces of his rabbis, but for the juniors center the study upon the expression of the boy. He is still their son—his return with them proves that—but he has made a great decision, a great choice, and he has made it for himself.

POEM FOR USE AFTER THE STUDY:

Now in the days of youth,
When life flows fresh and free,
Thou Lord of all our hearts and lives,
We give ourselves to thee;
Our fervent gift receive,
And fit us to fulfil,
Through all our days, in all our ways,
Our heavenly Father's will.

Teach us where'er we live,
To act as in thy sight,
And do what thou wouldst have us do
With radiant delight;
Not choosing what is great,
Nor spurning what is small,
But take as from thy hands our tasks,
And glorify them all.

Teach us to love the true,
The beautiful and pure,
And let us not for one short hour
An evil thought endure.
But give us grace to stand
Decided, brave and strong,
The lovers of all holy things,
The foes of all things wrong.

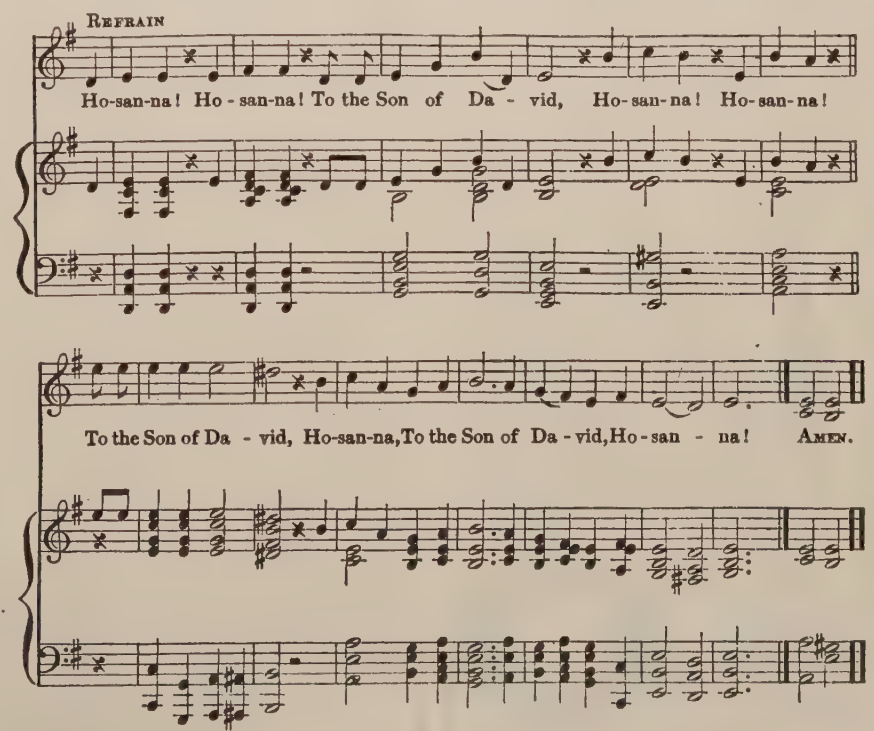
Spirit of Christ, do thou
Our first bright days inspire
That we may live the life of love
And loftiest desire;
And be by thee prepared
For larger years to come,
And for the life ineffable
Within the Father's home.

—WALTER J. MATHAMS, in *The New Hymnal for American Youth*. Published by D. Appleton-Century Co. Used by permission.

March 11

THEME: "*He Went About Doing Good*" (The Pattern for Our *Doing*)

PICTURE FOR STUDY: Consult with the superintendents of your primary department and your beginners' department, asking for the opportunity to examine their pictures after you have carefully scrutinized your own collection. The best pictures for the interpretation of this theme will be, not those of the great masters of older days who painted in some degree to interpret dogmas, but those of more recent years who are seeking to portray a Christ "who lives and loves and serves each one." You will find the best of these in the recent reprints issued by the denominational presses. Select several of these and help your juniors to compare them thoughtfully, finding the high values in each. Let each hold his own choice as favorite while he grows in understanding of them all.



—Copyright, D. Appleton-Century Company. Used by permission.

*Topeka, Kansas.

GUIDANCE FOR PICTURE STUDY:

1. Discover the facts. Where does the pictured event occur, and how close to the biblical account has the artist kept? What significance do the details have? Do they help understanding? Who are the persons? What about them helps understanding—their posture, their apparel, their accessories, their hands, their faces?

2. Note the arrangement of the parts of the picture. A good artist arranges his figures, his lines, and his light and dark spaces so that you cannot avoid following these step by step to what he has chosen to make the chief focus of his picture. Can you find these steps in your picture, and do they all lead to the center you would select?

3. Search for the inner meaning—the purpose which lies behind the technics and methods. What suggestion does this picture have as pattern for *our doing* in the spring of 1934? (Remember that the juniors must be able to find this suggestion for themselves if the picture is worth their contemplation).

Use these points as guidance as you evaluate the pictures you *might* use, and then make them the basis for your study with the boys and girls. If you can have time enough, let them judge several and choose those which they find helpful for the Sunday worship service. Remember that you may interpret "Doing good" upon the level of teaching and use Zimmermann's "Christ and the Fishermen," upon the level of spiritual interpretation and use Plockhorst's "Christ and the Children," upon the level of calling to better living and use Hofmann's "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler," as well as the more obvious use of the healing pictures. Help the juniors to feel that Jesus wants them to see *all* their opportunities for the doing of the good, the right, the true, and the beautiful.

HYMNS:

"Thou Didst Teach the Thronging People"
"Jesus, Thou Divine Companion"
"Immortal Love, Forever Full"

PRAYER FOR HIGH PURPOSE:

Oh thou Christ, our Guide and Pattern, we have seen that thou didst live thy life among the folk who so sorely needed aid so that all who would were helped. Give us, we pray, insight to choose only the way of life, which helps others, as well as ourselves, to grow in righteousness and service. Teach us to watch our lips and our deeds that they may show that thou dost live in us. Amen.

March 18

THEME: "*When Ye Pray, Say 'Our Father'*"
(The Pattern for our *Praying*)

PICTURE FOR STUDY: Hofmann, "Christ in Gethsemane"

For the department—photogravure; 16x20; sepia, $1.50; colored, $3.00; may be secured from Colonial Art Co., 1336 N. W. First St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

For individual pupils—5x8, two cents; or 3x3½, one cent; No. 797U; may be secured from Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass.

This picture may also be secured in color, 5x8, at three cents, from the Wilde Picture Co., 131 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

For comparison, use "Christ at Prayer," artist unknown (Wilde Picture Co., 1½ cents in lots of ten.)

HYMNS:

The chant—"Our Father, Which Art in Heaven" (Gregorian), in *Junior Church School Hymnal*, Presbyterian Board.
"Savior, Hear Us, We Pray"
"Father, Lead Me Day by Day"

STORY: "Reuben Learns of Prayer," Armilda B. Keiser, found in *Elementary Magazine* April, 1932

"The Greatest Prayer," Hazel V. Orton, found in *Manual of Worship for Junior Superintendents*, Department of Religious Education, 740 Rush Street, Chicago.

HELPS FOR THE LEADER:

Darr, *Children's Prayers*, as recorded by their Mother (Pilgrim Press)

The pamphlet, *Prayer in the Life of the Child*, Department of Religious Education, 740 Rush St., Chicago

POEM TO HELP: "Speak to Thy Child, O God"

Speak to thy child, O God,
I wait with willing ear.
As thou didst speak to Samuel,
By day or night thy message tell
And I will gladly hear.

I wait with eager heart
The bidding of thy word.
Touch thou my life, and make me do
Thy will, in loyal way and true.
Speak to thy child, O God!

—NANCY BYRD TURNER, in *Junior Hymns and Songs*. Published by Presbyterian Committee of Publication. Used by permission.

See also "O Master of the Loving Heart," in the *Journal* for November, 1933, page 28; and "But When Ye Pray," in September, 1933, page 30.

WORD TO THE LEADER: The study of the meaning of Jesus' pattern prayer precedes the use of the picture which is of value in emphasizing the example of Jesus. Note that the prayer we commonly call "the Lord's Prayer" is really a prayer for his disciples to use as the pattern for their praying, and so is for our use as a pattern.

"Our Father"—loving confidence
"Hallowed"—devoted worship
"Thy Kingdom"—world-wide aspiration
"Give us . . . lead us"—child-like dependence
"Forgive"—humble penitence

March 25 (Palm Sunday)

THEME: "*Blessed Is He That Cometh*"
Honoring Him Who Set Our Pattern)

PICTURE FOR STUDY: "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," Plockhorst

For the department—secure the use of the large picture from the primary series of your denomination (arrange to use it at a time which will not inconvenience that department).

For individual study—5½x8; two cents; order from Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass.

HYMNS: "Hosanna, Praise be Thine"
"Ride on in Majesty"
"Thy Palm Trees Fed with Dew and Sun"
"Hosanna, Loud Hosanna"
The last three are in *The New Hymnal for American Youth.*

WORD TO THE LEADER:

The term "Hosanna!" which we associate with the triumphal entry as a term of praise and adoration, like "Hail" or "Glory to," is one which has been transferred without change from the Hebrew language to our English verbiage, as have "Amen" and "Hallelujah." Its original meaning was that of an invocation of blessing, "O save now!" Because, however, the use of the cry and of the palm branches in the procession suggested occasions of joy and joyful celebration, the term "Hosanna!" as thus used came to have a secondary meaning, losing almost entirely original invocational values. Though this was a misunderstanding of the true meaning at first, it later became an accepted meaning.

The refrain printed herewith gives a splendid opportunity for the juniors to formulate under guidance a simple expression in litany form for the feeling which the studies of Jesus as a pattern for their living may have aroused. Such an activity will give the leader opportunity to discover what spiritual guidance each junior needs as he or she attempts to make a contribution to the statement which the entire department may use. The first attempt may not be very satisfactory. When it is not, help them to criticize it thoughtfully and seek to arouse a desire to think it over between Sundays in an effort to improve both its meanings and its phraseology. Do not be overcritical—let it remain a true junior expression.

Perhaps a special group will enjoy preparing the refrain as a special choir, though the average group will want to have a part in its singing as well as in the building of the stated sentences.

The skeleton offered may appear something as follows:

"We are glad" . . . (for the pattern of Jesus' way of life)
Refrain—"Hosanna"
"We rejoice" . . . (that we may grow as Jesus did)
Refrain
"We give thee thanks" . . . (that children of old knew and honored Him)
Refrain
"We sing to thee, O God," . . . (our gratitude and praise for our privilege of knowing and loving him)
Refrain—"Hosanna! Hosanna! To the son of David!" Amen.

NOTE: that the music is after an ancient Greek manner called the "Dorian Mode." Its scale is not like ours and this accounts for its unusual tones and intervals.

POEMS TO HELP:

O Jesus, lad of Nazareth,
Help us this day to grow
In favor with both God and man
As thou didst long ago.

Thou wast obedient, happy, true,
Though with a spirit free,
There in thy loving, humble home
Jesus of Galilee.

O Jesus, lad of Nazareth,
Help us this day to grow
In wisdom and in stature too,
As thou didst, long ago.

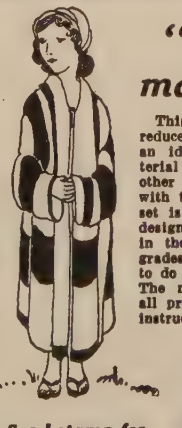
Help us to live as thou didst live,
And in our homes to be
Obedient, happy, kind and true,
Jesus of Galilee.

—ETHEL WENDELL TROUT, in *Presbyterian Junior Church School Hymnal.* Used by permission.

Lord and Savior, true and kind,
Be the Master of my mind;
Bless and guide and strengthen still
All my powers of thought and will.

Here I train for life's swift race;
Let me do it in thy grace:
. . . . . .
Keep me faithful, prompt and keen,
At thy side, my King unseen.

—HANDLEY C. G. MOULE



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MARCH SUGGESTIONS FOR THE INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

By Chester L. Bower*

THEME FOR THE MONTH: *"Into New Realms"*

To the Leader

Although Easter Sunday comes in April (the first day of April), the service for that day should really be the concluding service in the series which is presented here for March. Perhaps you can make that adjustment in your plans so that the complete cycle of services in this series would be for the four Sundays of March and the first Sunday of April.

So many vague and mysterious things are said about the Easter story that many of us are left wondering what it is really about. These services for March are really a preliminary—or more truly—a cycle of services about the mystery of Easter. Perhaps in its simplest terms, Easter is like tomorrow: it is uncertain. We never know exactly what it will bring until we reach it. Tomorrow we plan to do something interesting. We ask no questions, we merely take for granted that the day will come and that our plans will be carried out. Perhaps that is just the way Jesus planned for the experience which the Gospel writers have tried to explain to us in their accounts of the resurrection. But sometimes our tomorrows bring us new plans, unexpected experiences, widening interests. What do your tomorrows bring—are you constantly entering new realms? Do you throb with anticipation when you try to think what every new day will bring to you?

The least that any of us can expect of experiences is that they will bring us unexpected things, surprises. One cannot enter into new realms without feeling a catch at the throat, a sudden desire to plunge into it with all our force—not knowing what it will be like. Perhaps it is like diving into clear, cold water. Perhaps it is like walking through the dark.

In this month's worship services we are going to try and capture some of the spirit that will be the spirit of a new experience. We are going to try and see what it is like to enter into new realms; new realms of thinking, new realms of seeing, new realms of courage and desire.

March 4

THEME: *Seeing Beyond*

CALL TO WORSHIP:

Leader: Let the people praise thee, O God,
All: Let all the people praise thee.

OPENING HYMN: "For the Beauty of the Earth"

PRAYER:

Our father, we come with glad hearts to praise thee. In our songs together, in our unspoken thoughts, in this prayer we are trying to see the things that we should see. We want to see beyond our own selves to the needs of the world around us. We want to see beyond our own desires to the great purposes and desires of others—that we, too, may learn to have better desires. We want to see beyond the petty quarrels and selfishness of our own group to the larger things that are calling us to serve them. We want to see beyond the persons that we are to the persons that we might become. We ask for thy help. Amen.

HYMN: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" *(omit last stanza)*

LEADER *(reading):* Beyond everything seen there is something that is not seen that is more wonderful. Beyond the blossom, the fruit; beyond the fruit, the seed; beyond the seed, new life. Beyond the task, the worker; beyond the worker, the dream; beyond the dream, new hope. Beyond the present is the day, and beyond today is tomorrow which we cannot know unless we have the courage to enter. Here is the story of one who saw beyond the present, the things that might be—

A LEGEND OF ONE WHO SAW BEYOND

On the Western plains of this country, before the white man came to learn his presence, lived Wowassa, papoose of an Indian tribe. The tribe of Wowassa was a peace-loving people, dwelling on the plains in the shadows of the great mountains. There where the buffalo ran, these people learned the secrets of great power. Other tribes had seen their dwelling but had left them willing to reap the hardships of their existence. The flat rolling country, with its western boundary rearing great peaks to the sky, held a secret charm.

Wowassa lived to learn its secret. From his mother he learned of firewood, tepee, earthen pots, and all the homely arts of living. When his legs had grown steady and his eyes keen to catch the slightest movement on the plains, his father had taught him how to find the straightest branches, how to chip the flint for arrowheads, bind the feathers to the shaft—taught him in the arts of hunting. In his youth—with others of his stature—he learned the games and sports of youth, and felt the tingle of new strength in his veins.

Then came to him the time of young manhood, and a summons to High Council. Cross-legged before the Council fire sat an aged Chieftain and from his lips came the story of the tribe. Wowassa had learned to listen.

"To the westward, far across the foot hills, is the Mountain of the Chieftain," spoke the ancient monarch.

Though he dared not move a muscle to look, Wowassa remembered how often he had turned his face toward this, the highest of all the peaks, and wondered with all his being why it was called the Mountain of the Chieftain. His heart thrilled within him as he heard.

"According to the ancient custom of our people, he who would be chief among you must some day climb to yonder summit. Many have been the seasons since I saw, and now old age is coming fast upon me. One among you must be the chief."

In the silence of the Council, Wowassa's muscles strained like bands of sinew. Dared he give himself in trial? Dared he brave the mountain's danger? Even to be chief. He dared. At last three strong youths stood waiting before the Chieftain.

"Only one thing I ask," came the words. "Bring me, in your hands, a token of your journey's end."

There followed days of anxious wonder, nights of labored waiting. Out across the westward had gone the tribe's three strongest braves. About the Council circle each night gathered the warriors seated in a circle before their Chieftain. In the next circle from the council fire were the braves, while in the flickering shadow crouched squaws with papooses. Thus each night they sat in waiting.

Then there came a night of tense expectancy. From the wasteland were moving two forms. About the council circle gathered every member of the tribe. Hours passed before from out of the darkness came the foot beats of the returning braves. Into the circle of light came Nakado, Fleet of Foot, and stood before the Chief. In his extended hand there lay a tiny leaf—exquisitely shaped and beautifully colored. "Oh, Great Chief," spoke Nakado. "In the bleakness of the mountain side; from the hardness of the winter forest, I have learned to see the wonder of Wokanda. Is it not beautiful?"

"Beauty is in deeds well done, my son," spoke the Chief. "Beauty lies at the journey's end—you had barely reached the lowest mountain. Not for you the Council's honor."

And Nakado bowed his head.

Then into the circle of faces came Mowona, He that Seeketh. Proudly he bore to the Council hands filled with golden nuggets. "Far upon the mountain side, in the face of dangerous hardships did I seek this hidden wealth, Oh Chief."

"Wealth lies beyond the touch of hands, my boy. Why did you stop there?"

And Mowona turned in silence.

Then came anxious days and councils of grave import. Out there was the strongest and bravest of the tribe. Out there was dark, and cold, and danger. There were hungry wolves, and strange murmurs in the gnarled and twisted monarchs of the pines. On the plains the Council waited.

There are moments when the wind in the pine trees does not even whisper. Into the Council came Wowassa—foot sore, worn. With slow steps he circled the Council and stood at last before the Chieftain. Every heart beat heavily, and steady eyes scanned his every muscle. The Chieftain raised his face to the bronzed and hardened figure before him. Then steadily Wowassa moved his clenched hands before him. Every Warrior's muscles strained as though to help him lift a heavy weight. Then suddenly Wowassa opened his hands. Eyes burst wide in disappointed wonder—his hands were empty.

"Oh, Great Chief," spoke Wowassa, "Where I was there was nothing to bring. But Oh, Great Chief, where I stood I could see the shining sea!"

—American folk tale.

CLOSING HYMN: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" *(last stanza)*

March 11

THEME: *Doubt, the Road to Truth*

Many times young people are worried because they doubt. Sometimes older people make the mistake of trying to tell them that doubting is sinning, that they should believe. Nothing is further from the truth—to doubt is to know God's way of inspiring people to find out for themselves. When we doubt a thing we are likely to investigate and see for ourselves what there is about it. And so it comes about that doubting is the road to truth. Doubts which are honestly faced may be the entrance to a strong and healthy faith. Build your worship service around this theme—and if it is successful perhaps you will set many people to thinking and doing things that will be totally new to them. Your service could be in this vein: "If you doubt the value of praying, why not inspire people to find out what there is about it that is worth while—inspire them to try praying. If people doubt that there is good in Jesus' statement, "Do good to them that despitefully use you . . ." let them try doing good to their enemies." These are things that your service might inspire.

HYMNS:

"O Worship the King"
"We Would See Jesus"

READING:

Doubts are like slender threads which are strung along an unfamiliar path. If one follows them carefully they lead at last to destinations. But if they are treated lightly, or torn apart through ignorance or disdain the path is lost and the thought must be begun all over again. An honest doubt is an admission that one does not know all there is to be known, and sends one forth upon new ventures of faith that may in the end lead to truth. When you doubt, therefore, do so willingly and eagerly, but do not end by doubting; rather, begin there and lead yourself along an uncharted course to whatever it may be that God has in store for you. Doubts have led men out of old ways and old countries to the discovery of new lands. Doubts have led men out of dirt and filth to the knowledge of diseases and so to healthful living. Doubts have led men from old customs of hate and selfishness to love, and a cross, and life everlasting.

March 18

THEME: *Truth, the Road to Freedom*

SCRIPTURE: John 8:28-32 inclusive.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

There was a time in religious life that truth was not sought. People lived in superstition and fear, but Jesus brushed that aside and said that when we knew the truth, we would no longer fear—we would be free. Perhaps you and your worship committee could have a very real worship experience planning a service that would try to answer the question that is implied. Truth would make us free from what? From fear? From ignorance? From suspicion? From worry?

HYMNS:

"Faith of Our Fathers"
"He Who Would Valiant Be"

March 25

THEME: *The Obligations of Freedom*

Many of us are guilty of wishing we were free to do as we please all the time. No one who is really Christian can think that there is ever any real freedom that would allow one to act just as he wanted to without regard for anyone else. As soon as we are given freedom of any kind, we have also given to us an obligation.

*Council of Social Agencies, Chicago, Illinois.

If your father lets you drive the car where you want to, you immediately have an obligation to drive it carefully so as not to injure other people because you are responsible, you are free, you have to answer for your freedom. So it is with freedom to live as we please, if we take Jesus' word for it we immediately have an obligation to other people: to love them as we do ourselves. The more freedom we are given, the more obligations we have to give a good account of ourselves.

Plan your worship service around this theme so that people will catch the spirit of the writer—"For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more."

MARCH SUGGESTIONS FOR SENIOR AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENTS

*By Mrs. E. E. McClintock**

WORSHIP AS A PART OF A PROJECT:

Worship which is to be cumulative in its power must be built upon a foundation thoughtfully designed and constructed. . . . At the beginning of a year or a term the leaders shoud ask themselves: "What is it that our program of religious education is attempting to accomplish? What are the attitudes which worship should seek to cultivate? What are the character traits which we want to establish or reinforce?" Having found an answer to these queries we may set to work ordering our worship structure for the season. . . .

But it should be remembered that young people are not made virtuous or religious or intelligent by any automatic process. Too much should not be expected from printing the words "courage," "self-sacrifice," "loyalty" at the top of a three-month worship series. Even the best leadership is somewhat impotent unless a challenging opportunity is given to carry over this emotional impression into conduct. That is the reason that there is great wisdom in arranging service activities which have a close relation to the theme of discussion and worship, or of beginning the other way round: undertaking a worth-while project which will include instruction and worship as two of its component elements. . . .

In building up a quarter's work on such a basis, the procedure would be as follows: discover a dominant interest or an urgent need; plan a program of research and activity which will help the young people to understand the multitude of primary and contingent problems and will assist them in finding the solution to the most significant; arrange all of the major Sunday and mid-week services of the group so that they make vital contributions to the enterprise selected. Such a scheme will not be book-centered, but life-centered. . . .

SOME GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

1. It is good pedagogy to begin with the interest of the young people. This should be a determining factor in the choice of projects, lessons, topics, and worship theme.

2. No program will be adequate which proceeds simply on the basis of interests. There are needs which are as important as interests. These needs may easily become interests by a proper approach and stimulation. . . .

3. Nor is it enough to confine the emphasis to immediate interests and needs. A chief duty of religious education is to prepare young people to meet the responsibilities of the future.

4. It is also the duty of the church to teach its youth concerning those beliefs which have persisted in various forms throughout the centuries. . . . The goodness of God, the central place of Jesus, the destructiveness of sin and the saving power of religion, the brotherhood of man—these are some of the ideas which must repeatedly be brought before the minds of growing Christians.

5. . . . At the high-school age much can be accomplished by providing information as to the outreach of the church's program, by inviting their critical and voluntary participation in the enterprise, and by creating through worship those attitudes which shall determine the direction of their energies.

6. Young people are inclined, during the senior years, to be very much wrapped up in themselves and their little groups. The range of their interests should be enlarged. The missionary program offers one of the most potent means of enlarging their affections and service. . . . The needs of the social world—close at hand and far away—should help to determine the worship and study program of the young people's group.

—From *Training Young People in Worship*, by Shaver and Stock. Copyright by The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

THEME FOR MARCH: *The Hope for Life Eternal*

STATEMENT FOR THE MONTH: We are considering this month the hope for eternal life, under four sub-themes:

March 4—*The Hope for Life Eternal in Jesus' Day*

March 11—*The Hope for Life Eternal in Poetry and Music*

March 18—*The Hope for Life Eternal in Our Day*

March 25—*The Hope for Life Eternal in the Out-of-Doors*

And on April 1—Easter Sunday—*Easter's Meaning for Us.* As these themes are developed, let us think of the eternality of life as meaning quality as well as timeliness; the quality indicated by the words: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3). It might be well to use these words at the beginning of every service this month.

March 4

THEME: *The Hope for Life Eternal in Jesus' Day*

HYMNS: "O God, Thy World Is Sweet with Prayer"

"Hark, Hark, My Soul"

"At Thy Feet, Our God and Father" (Tune of "Love Divine")

At thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather
To begin this hour with praise;
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

Jesus, for thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise thee and surrender
All our hearts to be thine own.
With so blest a friend provided,
We upon our way would go;
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

Every day will be the brighter,
When thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from thee.
Spread thy love's banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait.
Till thy glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

—From *The Hymnal for American Youth.* Published by D. Appleton-Century Co. Used by permission.

SCRIPTURE: John 5:24; 6:27, 54; 10:27, 28; 17:3
Romans 2:7; 6:23
I John 2:25
Revelation 2:7

NOTE: If possible have the pastor or some other competent person speak briefly on the belief in immortality; the form it took in the Old Testament, and the growing idea of eternal life in the New Testament.

PICTURE: "Supper at Emmaus," L'Hermitte

INTERPRETATION: This picture indicates the unbelieving wonder and joy when these two who had invited a stranger in to sup with them discover, in his act of blessing and breaking of bread, that it was Jesus, whom they had thought dead. They are overjoyed, not only because Jesus has been restored to them, but because their faith is also restored. "I was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore."

LITANY OF THANKSGIVING:

Almighty and eternal God, our heavenly Father, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ that in the presence of death we might not sorrow as those sorrow who have no hope, accept the gratitude of our hearts and the praise of our lips as we offer unto thee our prayer of thanksgiving.

For the resurrection of our Master which has brought life and immortality to light and revealed the deathlessness of the human soul,

We thank thee, O God.

For the joyful knowledge that earth cannot destroy us, but that because he lives we shall live also,

We thank thee, O God.

For the joy which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which hath not entered into the mind of man to imagine, which thou hast prepared for them that love him,

We thank thee, O God.

For the glorious company of saints, apostles, prophets, and martyrs, who have fought the good fight and have finished the course, and are now at home in thy House of Many Mansions,

We thank thee, O God.

For the comforting assurance that the absent ones whom we ourselves have known and loved are not dead but abounding in fullness of life,

We thank thee, O God.

For the assurance brought by Christ's triumph over death that hate and wrong cannot long endure and that love and righteousness are eternal,

We thank thee, O God.

—From *Worship Services for Young People*, compiled by Warren Wheeler Picket. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

UNISON PRAYER:

O God, who hast prepared for those who love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—From *The Book of Common Prayer.*

March 11

THEME: *The Hope for Life Eternal in Poetry and Music*

PRELUDE: "Largo" from "The New World Symphony," Dvorak

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: Someone has called poetry "truth set to music" and another has said of music, "It is love in search of a word."

HYMN: "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee"

READING: "Call Me Not Dead"

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say: "He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
Today, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
Tomorrow (who can say!) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER

SCRIPTURE: Psalm 133:1 and 3

L'ENVOI

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried.
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and—faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!
And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalen, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of the Things as They are!

—RUDYARD KIPLING

SOLO: "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from "Messiah." Published in sheet music by E. C. Schirmer, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

READING: "Concerning Immortality"

Freely He lets us look upon some pages,
Bidding us read as best we can the preface,
Over and over we ponder words and phrases,
Slow to interpret.

Just as the meanings grow a little clearer
And the eager mind would turn to the coming chapters,

*Director of Religious Education, First Plymouth Congregational Church, Denver, Colorado.

Would any God exclaim: "Here endeth the lesson!" Closing the volume?

—Adelaide Love, from *The Christian Century*. Used by permission.

Solo or Quartet: "Hark, Hark, My Soul," Henry Smart's arrangement in some hymnals. Shelley's arrangement in sheet music, published by Oliver Ditson, Boston, Mass.

Prayer

Hymn Response: (Tune, "Integer Vitae")

Father of mercy, from thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us.
Give us thy good, and save us from our evil
Infinite Spirit!

March 18

Theme: *The Hope for Life Eternal in Contemporary Thought*

Hymns: "God of Our Life, Through All the Circling Years"
"The Lord Is My Shepherd"
"The King of Love My Shepherd Is"
"There's a Wideness in God's Mercy"

Scripture: Matthew: 27:57-61

Selections:

And all seemed finished. The Cross had done its work, pity had taken decent care of the broken body, the tomb was sealed and broken-hearted love was left watching in the shadows.

Life seems like that sometimes. Love and goodness, tenderness and healing power, the hope of better ways and better things, radiant personalities about whom great expectation has played like light end in a sepulchre with a great stone at the door and what is thus shut in seems more precious than anything left outside. Ah, that great stone at the door; it seems so terribly final. It is not final; it is futile. No sepulchre can finally contain what is most Divine. Do not mourn too much over the apparent defeat of your bravest hopes, do not allow any sepulchre the victory over faith or love or goodness. They have in them an unconquerable force. Wait for the next dawn. You will see the stone rolled away and radiant presences instead.

—Gaius Glenn Atkins, from *The Fellowship of Prayer*, 1933.

Easter is a day of hope for all hearts. It voices the faith that the race of men holds dear, that this human life of ours is not a thing of a day. If human spirits perish, there is no meaning to spiritual struggle, no final survival of anything. As Dr. Coffin has remarked, "If Jesus leads us into the life with God which we Christians know, he renders immortality indispensable, if God is to maintain his own self-respect." It is in the presence of dear and noble lives that we become more certain that death is not the end of all. If there be no immortality then has Jesus perished, and this conclusion is too tragic for the human mind to entertain. Immortality is an inevitable faith to one who believes in the God of Jesus.

—Jay Stocking, from *The Fellowship of Prayer*, 1928.

I believe in the persistence of personality through death, but I do not pretend to know the details of the future life. Many of us for years have been preaching the Christian hope of life eternal with certitude and joy. We have been comforting the bereaved, solemnizing the frivolous, rebuking the sinful, and undergirding the strong, by the message of life's abiding issues. We have helped to make youth's struggle for character and maturity's devotion to spiritual aims more worth while, and to render the "patient continuance" of old age more joyful by the gospel of everlasting life. We believe it with assurance; we have seen its power.

—From *The Modern Use of the Bible* by Fosdick. Published by The Macmillan Company.

There came to Mark Hopkins one day a very confident sophomore, who said to him with an air of finality, "Doctor, I am firmly convinced that I am not an immortal soul."

The wise man looked him over and with a kindly twinkle in his eye, replied, "Well, perhaps not! You ought to know. I am."

The sophomore may have been defining accurately the fate of every unrenewed, undeveloped nature. It may be that no one has anything more than the capacity for that higher destiny which is yet to be achieved through reverent obedient trust and heartfelt devotion to the God of all grace. I believe with all my heart that if anyone will face toward the light and walk in it and work toward the highest he sees, he will enter into life eternal. . . . Up out of the primeval slime have come these finer forms of life which roam the earth today. Up out of the struggles of our own brutish ancestors, who fought together like the beasts that perish, have come these fairer types of human life. And still the end is not yet. In the onward march of life, now that human personality has already come so far, may we not believe that it will go still farther?

We are still moving toward nobler forms of spiritual life which are destined to transcend these commonplace moralities which suffice to keep us out of jail. They do not exhaust our full capacity for spiritual advance. In that onward, upward march of the human spirit, we may well believe that those forms of life which are fit to survive, will survive. We may also think that those forms of life which refuse the way of advance, which refuse to strive for those spiritual values commonly esteemed supreme and lasting, will fall out by the way. Sin's wage is death—eternal life is the high privilege offered to those who strive to enter in at the strait gate, that they may eat from the tree of life.

—From *Have We Outgrown Religion?* by Charles R. Brown. Published by Harper and Bros.

Benediction:

Now may the Light that shone in Jesus Christ our Lord,
Shine in our hearts and minds by the Indwelling Word;
And may the Radiance which faith and hope restore,
Be and abide with us both now and forevermore;
And may the Holy Spirit now to all impart
The incandescence of a love-illumined heart. Amen.

—From *The Fellowship of Prayer*, 1932

March 25

Theme: *The Hope for Life Eternal in the Out-of-Doors*

Hymns: "O God, I Thank Thee for Each Light"
"This Is My Father's World"
"All Beautiful the March of Days"

Selections:

Nature seems to speak of God. Go, stand out on a summer night and look upwards to the sky where the million stars go sailing through that great wide sea of blue, like silent ships that pass in the night. . . . Go, walk in the woods on a day in April and watch the beauty of nature repeating the eternal resurrection, and rising from the grave of winter to the splendor of spring. Go, stand and watch the daylight and all the west grow wonderful with a thousand colors past the power of human artist to express. Look at a mountain towering up to kiss the sun, pluck the tiniest flower that grows upon its side; and if you are a healthy man or a healthy woman there will be something that will call you—call you to the worship of the Maker and Creator of it all, and to the love of the great Artist in whose mind the ever-changing picture that the world presents was born.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy

Hope

The heart endures the cycle of the seasons,
Autumn of shattering bloom, winter of pain—
Wherefore, I am assured, by the same reasons
April will come again!

One of these dingy mornings I shall see
Out of the icy furrow of my grief
Suddenly, lo—the heart's anemone
Trusting its valiant leaf!

—Sara Henderson Hay.

The Secret

April whispered this to me
And I have done with sorrow now:
"I am death's white mystery,"
April whispered this to me.

"Life from death! O ecstasy
Of the first white lifted bough!"
April whispered this to me
And I have done with sorrow.

—John Richard Moreland, from *The Christian Century*. Used by permission.

Prayer in April

God grant that I may never be
A scoffer at Eternity—
As long as every April brings
The sweet rebirth of growing things;
As long as grass is green anew,
As long as April's skies are blue,
I shall believe that God looks down
Upon his wide earth, cold and brown,
To bless its unborn mystery
Of leaf, and bud, and flower to be;
To smile on it from tender skies—
How could I think it otherwise?
Had I been dust for many a year,
I still would know when Spring was near,
For the good earth that pillowed me
Would whisper immortality,
And I, in part, would rise and sing
Amid the grasses murmuring.
When looking on the mother sod,
Can I doubt that this be God?
Or when a primrose smiles at me,
Can I distrust Eternity?

—Sara Henderson Hay, from *The Christian Century*. Used by permission.

Scripture: Psalms 104:1-6; 98:4-9

Prayer: Of thanksgiving for evidences of eternal life in nature.

Response (*refrain of "For the Beauty of the Earth"*):

Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

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Children and Suffering

(Continued from page 12)

life of Jesus we find significant data. To Jesus, a consciousness of the love of God did not mean freedom from suffering, release from the common lot of man, exemption from the rule of law. He suffered disappointment, loneliness, misunderstanding, and physical agony as few others have suffered. Yet he held undimmed his faith in God and his faith in man. No gloomy pessimism clouded his vision of the coming day when God's will should become the universal will of man. He expected no band of angels to provide for his physical needs, no miraculous remitting of physical agony on the cross. He drank to the dregs the cup of human sorrow. Yet he did not doubt that God was working out his good purposes. And, more significant, he did not doubt that in the working out, God was mindful of the suffering of his children. In speaking to his disciples of the agony which he saw ahead for himself, he told them that they would all leave him for fear, but added, "Yet I am not alone for the Father is with me." It was this consciousness of the companionship of God which made all of the difference between despair and confidence. In the suffering which was necessary he was not cast off from the love of God but was surrounded by this love, God himself sharing the pain.

It is this same consciousness of the companionship of God in suffering which will make all of the difference to our children. Does God care if the rabbit, which has been the object of such devoted care, dies? Does God care if the flower fades before its time? Does God care that Robert is troubled because he does not learn as easily as does his friend? Does God care that the child of an unemployed worker is cold and hungry? Do these pains of his children matter to God? Or, if we wish to put it differently, is the Universe friendly to man or coldly indifferent? If God does care, if the Universe is friendly, then suffering may be borne bravely because it is an attendant circumstance of a great purpose that is moving the race forward. Even a little child can understand that some things must be borne for the sake of others of larger value. He does without his ice cream cone today in order that he may accumulate a fund to buy a ball tomorrow. He refrains from the second piece of pie because he wants to feel well tomorrow. He understands, though dimly perhaps, that his parents do not suggest that he deny himself either the ice cream cone today nor the second piece of pie because they do not love him, but because they want him to have a larger good. So within the family setting, he may learn to understand that suffering is not inflicted by God but that it sometimes is inescapable in the on-going purposes of God. And just as the love of his parents is always about him when he suffers and when he refuses to cooperate with plans for the family happiness, so the love of God is about him in sorrow and when he refuses to make his own the purposes of God.

The Christian religion offers no immunity to pain and sorrow and suffering. But it does offer a glorious conception of a divine, far off event toward which the whole creation moves, which gives to life purpose and meaning, which calls for devotion to noble endeavor to right wrongs and to achieve justice and mercy and beauty in the world, even though the effort involves pain and there be no expectation of success during one's own time. And, most significant of all, it offers the sense of companionship with the Heart of the Universe, with God himself, in the suffering and disappointment and loneliness which attend these efforts.

The critics are right in saying that during recent years there has been too little recognition in our program of religious education of the reality of sin and suffering in the world. Children must be helped to face the reality of cold and hunger and awful insecurity among thousands of children. They must be helped to meet disappointment and suffering within their own lives. But they must be helped to face these evils, not in passive resignation to what they conceive to be the will of God, but in courageous faith that these things are *not* the will of God; and in brave determination to devote their lives to making his good will prevail through helping all men to make God's will their own.

Christ in the Life of the Home

(Continued from page 8)

The *International Journal* is already beginning a series of articles which will help to carry the emphasis. These are primarily for the purpose of helping church leaders to make advance plans for their own participation. Dr. Rudisill's story of his own church program of parent education in the January issue should be highly suggestive to other pastors. The article by Miss Warren in this issue will be helpful. Many more will follow.

The Joint Committee on Family and Parent Education has gathered many stories of the most effective parent education enterprises now under way. These and similar material will be applied to the whole religious press for publication beginning next autumn. Approaches are also being made to general magazines of the better type to secure emphasis in their columns upon home and family life.

Convention programs, courses in leadership training schools, elective courses in adult classes, series of sermons, and community "better homes movements" are among the other means through which the emphasis will be made effective. Later issues of the *Journal* will carry suggestions of many ways in which its readers will be aided in this significant movement.

Current Film Estimates

The National Film Estimate Service

THE film summaries and evaluations appearing on this page are those of the National Film Estimate Service of *The Educational Screen.* They cover all films—good, bad, and indifferent—in as much as it is as valuable to know what not to see as it is to know the good films. The judgments concerning films are not those of an individual but of a committee of qualified men and women, in no way connected with the motion picture industry.

The estimate of each film is given for three groups:

A—Intelligent Adults
Y—Youth (15-20 years)
C—Children (under 15 years)

Bold face italic type indicates the special recommendation of the National Film Estimate Service.

Alice in Wonderland (Charlotte Henry) (Paramount) Honest, elaborate, costly attempt at film expressly for family. Deserves support, but unfortunately it is too heavy, literal, artificial, cumbrous, complex, and grotesque. Some day "Alice" will be made light, imaginative, whimsical, dreamlike—and will "pay handsomely."
For A: Disappointing *For Y:* ***Good*** *For C:* ***Good***

Chance at Heaven (Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea) (RKO) Light, simple, little romance of filling-station hero in country village, and fine little heroine, his village sweetheart, who waits sportingly until his marriage with dazzling heiress wears out. Ordinary acting, elementary story, but mostly engaging.
For A: Thin but pleasant *For Y:* ***Good*** *For C:* Probably good

Christopher Bean (Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore) (MGM) Excellent screening of stage play, brilliantly acted, with Dressler superb in ideal role. Dead artist's paintings are unappreciated in humble home of country doctor until they become suddenly valuable. Excitement begins, with Dressler in the center of it.
For A: ***Excellent*** *For Y:* ***Excellent*** *For C:* ***Good***

Cradle Song (Dorothea Wieck, Guy Standing) (Paramount) Placid, somber picture, beautifully done, of religious life in Spanish convent, disturbed only by baby girl foundling. Grown-up, she marries and tears heart of nun who mothered her. Too subtle, serene, and poignant for popular success. Utterly charming of kind.
For A: ***Fine of kind*** *For Y:* Doubtful appeal but *For C:* No interest good

Design for Living (Miriam Hopkins, Frederic March, Gary Cooper) (Paramount) Cleverly written, skilfully acted and directed, extremely sophisticated comedy. Heorine lives with two artist heroes in succession. Jealousy. She then marries boresomely moral business-man and leaves him to resume life with artists in unison. For "moderns," marriage is the only impropriety.
For A: Depends on taste *For Y:* Pernicious *For C:* No

Dance, Girl, Dance (Evalyn Knapp, Alan Dinehart) (Chesterfield) Rather dreary "stage life" stuff about married couple of vaudeville ham actors who separate. She goes to Broadway, gets chorus job without merit through friends, resists dishonorable proposals, refuses honorable ones, has child, and gets worthless husband back.
For A: Mediocre *For Y:* No *For C:* No

Duck Soup (Marx Brothers) (Paramount) Usual idiotic farce-comedy, with crazy horseplay, slapstick, wisecracks, and hokum made still more incongruous because set against lavish background of mythical-kingdom royalty. Rather less vulgar than usual. Unlimited laughs for all who like "low comedy" at its lowest.
For A: Depends on taste *For Y:* Good of kind *For C:* Funny

Flaming Gold (Bill Boyd, Mae Clarke) (RKO) Aside from vivid shots of Mexican oil fields, nothing worth mention in these crude affairs of two tough pals, and a Broadway cabaret entertainer one of them brings down for marriage and trouble. Happy ending, however, if you care.
For A: Mediocre *For Y:* No *For C:* No

Flying down to Rio (Dolores del Rio) (RKO) Gay, glamorous musical comedy laid in Miami, the air, and Rio. Much snap, thrill, and orlginality in music and dance numbers. Heavily spiced with sensuality and risque dialog. Some of the dancing extremely suggestive or vulgar. Clever but brazen production.
For A: Good of kind *For Y:* Pernicious *For C:* No

Going Hollywood (Marian Davies, Bing Crosby) (MGM) Another in the current "epidemic" of musical comedy films with lavish background of singing and dancing specialties. Slender, humorous plot concerns pursuit of crooner by virtuous heroine and serves mainly to exploit Crosby's singing. Some clever impersonations interpolated into plot.
For A: Good of kind *For Y:* Perhaps *For C:* No

House on 56th Street, The (Kay Francis) (Warner) Starts as real, charming, character play about 1905 chorus girl who wins fine young millionaire and new house. Then hectic melodrama, with suicide, murder, jail term, and by 1925 heroine is professional card-sharp, finally fleecing own daughter in same "new house."
For A: Depends on taste *For Y:* Doubtful *For C:* No

In the Money (Lois Wilson) (Invincible) Supposedly a realistic domestic comedy of an absent-minded professor and his half-orphaned children mothered by the oldest daughter. So crudely written and directed, so amateurishly acted, that it is too inane to be called entertainment. Harmless and futile.
For A: Stupid *For Y:* Dull *For C:* No

Lady Killer (James Cagney. Mae Clarke) (Warner) Usual Cagney stuff—hardboiled, wisecracking, smart-aleck tough guy—very tough. Now drags his mistress by the hair instead of the "sock on the jaw." From tough crook he rises to movie-star, rolling in wealth. Fast, lively, and absorbing of kind.
For A: Depends on taste *For Y:* Better not *For C:* No

Man's Castle (Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young) (Columbia) Hardboiled loafer hero picks up sensitive heroine from park bench and they live together in the city dump. He bullies, mauls, torments, and jaws at her in gutter English—which leads to great love, a child, and finally marriage. Glorifies common crudity.
For A: Mediocre *For Y:* Trash *For C:* No

My Lips Betray (Lilian Harvey, John Boles) (Fox) Thin, elementary, mythical kingdom comedy about music-hall heroine thriving as mythical mistress of king. Slightly risque touches in lines and situations, probably innocuous because of convincing innocence of heroine. Dialog banal, comedy naive, acting ordinary.
For A: Mediocre *For Y:* Hardly *For C:* No

Mr. Skitch (Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts) (Fox) Rogers in typical, homely, human role. Loses Missouri village home and heads west with family in car Serio-comic adventures in Yellowstone and tourist camps, with Will's philosophy throughout. Thoroughly wholesome despite his momentary fling at drinking and gambling.
For A: ***Good*** *For Y:* ***Very Good*** *For C:* ***Good***

Police Car 17 (Tim McCoy, Evalyn Knapp) (Columbia) Exciting thriller on radio-car police activities, in which the policeman is the hero—not the gangster! This wholesome feature rather lifts the film above ordinary crime-thrillers. Will tend to produce wholesome attitude and reaction in audience.
For A: Fair *For Y:* Good of kind *For C:* Good but exciting

Prizefighter and the Lady, The (Walter Huston, Max Baer, Myrna Loy) (MGM) Fast, lively story built on prizefighters, their friends, rivals, and women Ring atmosphere at its utmost, with Dempsey, Carnera, Baer personally in the cast. Heavy ring fighting, heavy dialog, heavy romance. Nothing better for those who want fight pictures.
For A: Depends on taste *For Y:* Not the best *For C:* Doubtful

Roman Scandals (Eddie Cantor, Gloria Stuart) (U. A.) Cantor, transported in a dream to various misadventures in ancient Rome, is still himself, working industriously for the laughs. The picture is all Cantor, plus chorus girls and spectacular settings in the best movie style. Some suggestive dialog.
For A: Fairly entertaining *For Y:* Unsuitable *For C:* No

Sang d'un Poete, Le (Conceived and directed by Jean Cocteau) (French production) Non-dialog, French dramatic version of poetry of Jean Cocteau. Four separate highly imaginative episodes, with musical and speaking background, create a nerve-wracking phantasy practically worthless as entertainment except to lovers of riddles and mysteries.
For A: Doubtful *For Y:* No *For C:* No

Should Ladies Behave? (Alice Brady, Lionel Barrymore) (MGM) Stupid title for patchwork of odds and ends signifying little or nothing. Alice again as blundering simpleton, always talking. She and her young daughter both in love with same middle-aged poseur. Lionel as ancient, crotchety husband equally unappealing.
For A: Worthless *For Y:* Better not *For C:* No

Sitting Pretty (Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers) (Paramount) Mediocre stuff about two painful "song-writers crashing to success in movies." Much acting without ability, singing without voice, and comedy effort without spark. Only redeeming features: some striking stage dance numbers and one real song hit.
For A: Feeble *For Y:* Harmless *For C:* Doubtful interest

Solitaire Man, The (Herbert Marshall, May Robson) (MGM) Fairly entertaining detective-murder-mystery centering around theft of necklace. Marshall good as well-bred jewel thief who decides to retire and become country gentleman. Little action but good suspense. Rather questionable ethics involved in solution.
For A: Fair *For Y:* Doubtful *For C:* Little interest

Son of a Sailor (Joe E. Brown) (First National) Good nonsense comedy of navy life, with considerable character interest to keep Joe Brown's antics from becoming monotonous. Fun is continuous and cumulative throughout. One bit of usual gratuitous bad taste at beginning, but otherwise wholesome.
For A: Good of kind *For Y:* ***Amusing*** *For C:* ***Amusing***

Thunder over Mexico (Native Cast) (Principal) Unique travelogue, wonderfully photographed, of Mexican landscape and people, by the master-director Eisenstein. Becomes grim, dramatic episode showing, by a single, detailed incident, peons suffering under cruel regime of tyrannous Diaz. Two betrothals end—one in rape, the other in death by bullet.
For A: ***Notable*** *For Y:* Doubtful interest *For C:* No

Thundering Herd, The (Scott, Crabbe, Beery, etc.) (Paramount) Above average Zane Grey western thriller with cast notable for "tough" roles. Trading post days, buffaloes, Indians, covered wagons, fighting plus. Also "great cruelty to horses" but Industry reviewing assures that "children do not take this too seriously."
For A: Hardly *For Y:* Perhaps *For C:* If not too strong

Tillie and Gus (Alison Skipworth, W. C. Fields) (Paramount) Lively farce, some slapstick, but much genuinely amusing action in which two artful card-sharpers abandon their profession and scheme successfully to prevent fleecing of worthy relative by crooked lawyer. A good picture for all who like hilarious farce.
For A: Depends on taste *For Y:* Amusing *For C:* Amusing

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What's Happening in Religious Education

THE Delaplaine Men's Bible Class of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church of Llanerch, Pennsylvania, has recently completed a project in which a dark, dingy, discarded basement was transformed into an attractive room for their young people. St. Andrew's church school has an attendance of approximately four hundred with departmental groups and equipment for children and adults but the young people were either very irregular in attendance or absent entirely. Plans were made for renovating the basement and turning it into a young people's room and then the bank closed and plans could not be carried through.

But one man had an idea and presently fifty members of the men's class responded with a pledge to give either money or time to the task of transforming that basement room. Two men, not members of the church, inspired by the spirit of the class, secured permission from the church school board to plan ways and means and, since one of them was a general contractor and the other an electrical engineer, they soon had work under way.

All work must be done at night after the regular day's tasks were finished, but week after week the work continued. Members of the class signed up for the work in which they were particularly qualified to give help but if their particular line wasn't needed they appeared as humble workmen to do anything that might be needed. Consequently, on one night the plumber would be in charge and another night he would be taking direction for some small task from the painter or interior decorator. The heating expert, the carpenter, the plasterer, the painter, the plumber, the floor expert—all members of the class—each had a share in the task.

When the last touches were added, the room was a joy to behold. It is difficult to say whether it is the young people of the department or the men who made it possible who are more interested in the progress which the youth group is making.

DR. LINDEN S. DODSON has recently gone from Chicago to serve on the faculty of Elon College, North Carolina, as professor of religion and sociology. Dr. Dodson has taken to his new position a wealth of academic training and professional experience. He was for five years a director of religious education and for two years he was a member of the research and survey staff of the Chicago Congregational Union. This year he is making a study of Elon College as an institution with special reference to its relationship to the community and to the religious denomination of which it is a part.

THE National Christian Council of Japan was attended this year by 140 delegates, representing forty-four communions and national Christian organizations. The Japanese Government gave recognition to the Council by sending two representatives of the National Department of Education, one of whom made the following statement: "Christianity has rendered a service to Japan which is far out of proportion to the number of its adherents. The superior character of its teachings and the fact that it introduced a new culture into Japan has made this possible. In its present situation, however, Japan is not so dependent on foreign thought and influence as formerly and it is incumbent on Christianity to become indigenous to the soil and soul of the nation."

The Council is mindful of the unfortunate tendencies which are at present beclouding international relations. Its Executive Committee will endeavor to approach suitable organizations in the United States looking toward a cooperative effort in the interest of world peace, and the exchange of fraternal messengers between the two nations in order to clarify the present perilous atmosphere.

ON January 3, 4 and 5 there was held in the Greater New York area a series of one-day conferences on "Pastoral Evangelism." The meetings were sponsored by the city-wide Church Activities Commission of which Dr. John Warnshuis is chairman. The speakers included many outstanding church leaders.

RECENTLY Reverend Paul E. Keyser, Assistant Editor for The Parish and Church School Board of the United Lutheran Church, issued a report of a study of "current leadership training programs in seventeen denominations." The report includes many facts, among which the following will be particularly interesting to readers of the *Journal:* Thirteen denominations make use of the Standard curriculum as developed through the International Council; six make use of the High School curriculum; five of The Reading Course; and five of the Advanced curriculum. Fourteen denominations cooperate through the International Council by interchanging leadership training credits; twelve cooperate by sending representatives to the Leadership Training Professional Advisory Section meetings of the Council; eleven by evaluating materials for leadership training texts; and eleven by promoting interdenominational training schools. Nine denominations employ full-time staff members to promote leadership training exclusively, and nine employ part-time staff members for this purpose.

DURING the month of December, Grace Church, New York City, commemorated a number of anniversaries culminating in the celebration of the 125th anniversary of the consecration of the original church which was erected at Broadway and Rector Street when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. Former ministers of Grace Church participated in the anniversary services.

Community Programs for Cooperating Churches

THIS is the title of a new manual issued by the Federal Council of Churches to guide agencies of cooperative Christian work. It deals with comity, Christian education, evangelism, social service, world friendship, race relations, women's work, and publicity. Experienced leaders in such cooperative activities have given in condensed form the suggestions and guidance arising out of successful work. Leaders in community, county, or state council work will find it most valuable. The manual may be secured from the Federal Council of Churches, 103 East 22nd Street, New York City. Price, twenty-five cents.

THE many friends of Miss Jeanette E. Perkins will be interested to know that announcement has been received of her marriage on December 24 to Mr. Edward Bangs Brown, of New York. Mrs. Brown is one of the editors of the Congregational Publishing Society, the author of a number of books in the field of religious education, and a member of the Committee on Religious Education of Children of the International Council of Religious Education. She will continue her relationships to these agencies.

THE Religious Drama Council of The Greater New York Federation of Churches is sponsoring a playwriting contest. The following rules have been prepared for contestants:

1. The contest will close at noon of April 16, 1934.
2. Plays submitted must be one-act religious dramas, not pageants, and not necessarily based on biblical incidents. They may be divided into scenes, but the playing time must not exceed 50 minutes. (Plays submitted must be guaranteed to be the exclusive and original property of the author.)
3. The manuscripts should be typewritten neatly on one side of the sheet, with ample margin, fastened together down the left side, the title sheet bearing the name of the play and the author's pen name only.
4. Attached to the manuscript should be a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the name of the play and the author's pen name, and within the envelope a sheet of paper bearing the name of the play, the author's pen name and the real name and address of the author, together with sufficient postage to cover first class registered mail, in case the author wishes his manuscript to be returned. The author's real name should not appear anywhere on the manuscript or on the outside of the attached sealed envelope.
5. The Religious Drama Council will not be responsible for manuscripts, but every care will be taken to return non-winning plays safely to their authors.
6. An author may submit any number of plays.
7. The Religious Drama Council reserves the right to submit to Samuel French, Inc., any non-winning plays which may be deemed worthy of publication.

The awards are as follows:

1. A cash prize of $25.00.
2. Publication by Samuel French, Inc.
3. Production by the Religious Drama Council of Greater New York.

The authors of the plays receiving first and second honorary mention will receive a copy of *Drama in the Church*, by Eastman and Wilson.

All correspondence concerning the contest should be addressed to the Play Contest Committee, Religious Drama Council, Greater New York Federation of Churches, 71 West 23rd Street, New York City.

AIDS *for the Ministry of Music* is the title of a recent bulletin, issued by Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, which announces several important publications and services of interest to ministers, church leaders, and musicians. Chief among these is the "Mid-West Conference on Church Music," February 20, which last year attracted more than five hundred visitors, from Iowa to New York.

Simon the Leper

(Continued from page 24)

SIMON: What—did He say?

MARY (*very softly*): He said—"She has anointed my body—for—its burial." (*There is a long silence. Fear shows in* JUDITH'S *face.*) What—did He mean? (*She looks anxiously at* SIMON.)

SIMON (*bowing his head wearily*): How can I tell? I only know the world is made of suffering. And—oh, my God—can one man change the world?

CURTAIN

Scene Three

It is several days later, afternoon of the day before the Sabbath of Passover week. The stage is at first dimly lighted, for there has been a storm. As the curtain rises, there is a sound of distant thunder. Gradually, as the scene opens, the light grows brighter. The oleaster bush, left, is broken down, and the flowers are strewn over the ground.

JUDITH *enters, right. She looks fearfully up at the sky. As she goes about among the flowers, she stops every few moments to look up at the clouds, which seem to hold for her a strange fascination.*

JUDITH (*beside the oleaster bush*): Oh! (*She is still gazing at it in dismay when* SIMON *enters, right.*) Look, Simon! The oleaster bush! The storm has ruined it. It is dead!

SIMON: No wonder! I have never seen a storm that could compare with it. It bent the back of that old cypress tree that has stood in our back yard for generations.

JUDITH (*shivering a little*): The earth is still trembling, Simon. I can feel it. It almost seems as if—as if its heart were beating!

SIMON (*looking up at the sky*): It's over now. Look! Yonder toward Hebron there's a strip of blue sky showing. I thought for a while the night's own darkness had descended upon us.

JUDITH (*stooping over the bush*): It has been here ever since I can remember. And now—it will never bloom again. It seems so strange to think that it is dead.

SIMON: All death is strange.

JUDITH: It bloomed the day that you came home. I knew when I saw it that something wonderful was going to happen. And then that very morning Lazarus brought the news of Jesus' coming. And you returned home healed! (*After a pause*) And now—it's dead!

SIMON: Judith, what is it? You're trembling. You look frightened!

JUDITH (*turning away*): I—I—

SIMON (*putting his arm about her and leading her to bench, left*): Judith! What is it? Tell me. You are weeping!

JUDITH (*clinging to him*): Oh, Simon, tell me it isn't true! It can't be true!

SIMON: What, Judith?

JUDITH: That—they are plotting against His life, that—that they want to—kill Him!

SIMON (*hesitating*): Who told you?

JUDITH: I heard the servants talking. They—they didn't know I was near, and they stopped when they saw me. And—and they said something else, too. They said it was not only Jesus that was in danger—but Lazarus! Oh, Simon, I wish we had gone with them—to Jerusalem! They have been there all this time, perhaps among their enemies. And now—this storm! Even the heavens seem hostile! Simon—it frightens me!

SIMON (*standing over her, assured and confident*): Judith, Judith! Where is your faith? You have witnessed so many signs and still you doubt His power! You who have seen Him bring the dead back to life with but a single word—afraid because a handful of petty priests have plotted against His life! You who have seen Him conqueror of sin and suffering—yea, even death—

JUDITH: I know, Simon, I know. And yet—did not you yourself doubt—on the night of the feast?

SIMON: What if I did? My doubts are all gone now. He is the Messiah, Judith. I know it. I would risk my life upon it! I'm going to risk my life—all that I have! It's His, to use as He sees fit. We'll help Him, Judith! We'll help Him realize His ambitions—win His kingdom. That's why I stayed at home today. I've summoned Amon. He's going to meet me here and render an account. We are rich, Judith. The business has been prospering. And it shall all be His! We'll make the world believe in Him! We'll help Him conquer sin and suffering—and death!

(*During the preceding speech* JUDITH *has gradually lost her doubt and fear, and her face shows that she shares Simon's enthusiasm.*)

JUDITH (*eagerly*): Yes, Simon, yes. We will help Him!

SIMON: Amon should be here now. I wonder what is keeping him.

JUDITH: Shall I not go and find him? (*She is already halfway to exit, right.*)

SIMON: Yes, go. Tell him I am waiting for him in the garden.

(JUDITH *goes out, right. Left alone,* SIMON *walks back and forth occupied with his thoughts, eagerness still showing on his face and in his every action. Coming to the side of the stage where the oleaster bush is, he stops and looks thoughtfully down at it.*

(*Suddenly* JALON *appears in entrance, center. He is a wretched looking figure, body wasted by disease, clothes in rags. His face, disfigured by leprosy, is almost a chalk white, and his arms and hands are disfigured by scars and misshapen. He stands for a long moment looking at* SIMON, *whose back is toward him. The expression on his face changes from incredulity to amazement, then to a pathetic hope and eagerness. As if drawn in spite of himself,* SIMON *turns slowly around until he is facing* JALON, *then stands for a moment as if stupefied.*)

SIMON (*unbelievingly*): Jalon! (*Then with a glad welcome*) Jalon!

(*He goes forward eagerly to meet his friend, unmindful of the plague, and would embrace him if* JALON *did not draw back, raising his arm as if to shield* SIMON *from his own loathsomeness.*)

JALON (*shrilly*): No! No! Don't touch me! Unclean! Unclean!

(SIMON *stops short, and his arms drop slowly. As the significance of the shrill cry comes upon him he even retreats a little.*)

SIMON: Jalon! How did you find me? Where did you come from?

JALON (*his eyes traveling eagerly over* SIMON'S *figure, his voice hardly more than a whisper*): It is—true! They said it was—true—but I did not believe them! You are—*healed!* (*Then his eyes leave* SIMON *and he looks down at his own hands, holding them out before him and*

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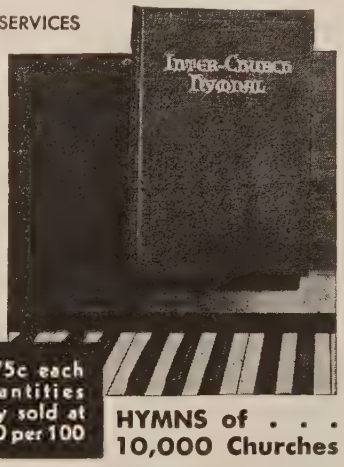

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regarding them with sudden loathing.) May God—have mercy on me!

SIMON (*eagerly*): He will, Jalon! He will! The Healer himself came from God. And he will heal you too. He came to heal all suffering.

JALON (*in an agony of eagerness*): Where—is he, Simon? Where is he! Tell me, quickly!

SIMON: Fortune is with you, Jalon. He is stopping even now right here in Bethany. There in the house of Lazarus. (*Pointing left.*)

JALON: You mean—Jesus is here? That I can find him—now?

SIMON: Today he is in Jerusalem. He went last eve to eat the Paschal meal with his disciples. He will return tonight. If you will wait here—

JALON: No—no—I cannot wait! I'll go now—to Jerusalem—and find Him! God help me—I *must* find him!

(JALON *goes out center and* SIMON *stands staring after him, his back to entrance, right, where* SUSANNA *has just appeared in time to get a good view of* JALON'S *departure. She gazes at the scene in horror.* SIMON *turns slowly toward the front and, stretching out his hands, gazes down at them with a strange fascination.)*

SIMON (*in a low voice*): You—you, too, were—like that!

SUSANNA (*coming toward him*): Simon! Who was he? Who was that—awful creature? (*She shivers.*)

SIMON (*still under the spell that* JALON'S *coming has aroused*): He was a—leper.

SUSANNA (*shocked*): Oh!

SIMON: Now—do you understand how a man would feel to be made clean, to see his flesh firm and sound again, to feel new strength, new life flow through his wasted body? Can't you see how he would spend his very soul if need be to pay his debt to Him who was his savior?

SUSANNA: You mean—this Jesus?

SIMON: He is my savior. Surely you understand, Susanna, why I love him.

SUSANNA (*jealously*): Better than you love me?

SIMON: Need you ask that, Susanna? Don't you remember that—I did not even wait to thank him?

SUSANNA (*becoming very sweet and wheedling*): Forget all that, Simon. Let us be as we used to be before you went away. You are so changed—not at all as if you looked forward to your own marriage feast!

SIMON: How can I? How can I be the same, Susanna, when there are men like Jalon left? (*Becoming suddenly enthusiastic again*) But—can't you see, Susanna? That's why I must help Him—help the Messiah. I must give my life to helping him!

(JUDITH *enters, right, hurriedly. She carries a small parchment roll in her hand. With a gesture of impatience* SUSANNA *leaves* SIMON'S *side and sits down on bench, right.)*

JUDITH (*distressed*): I couldn't find him, Simon. He's gone! One of the servants says he left for Jerusalem at dawn this morning.

SIMON: Amon—gone! But he promised to meet me here—here in the garden. I cannot understand, unless—the storm detained him.

JUDITH: He left—this. Simon, what can have happened? Why did he go? And why did he leave a letter if—if he was—coming back!

(SIMON *takes the parchment silently and unrolls it. There is a long silence while he reads. He seems stunned by the message it contains. The parchment drops unheeded to the ground, while* SIMON *continues to look unheedingly off into space. Finally he sinks down on bench, left.)*

JUDITH: Simon! Simon! What is it?

(*When he does not reply, she timidly picks the parchment from the ground and reads it.)*

JUDITH (*with a little moan*): Oh! Oh, Amon—how could you!

SUSANNA (*unable to contain her curiosity any longer*): What is it, Judith? What did he write? (JUDITH *holds it out to her, and* SUSANNA *snatches at it, reads it hurriedly, her face growing dark with anger. To herself)* So that—was what he meant that night when he said—! He meant to steal—(*She goes quickly to* SIMON'S *side, determination on her face.)* Come, Simon! Quick! You must get busy. There is no time to lose. He will reach the coast before night and take ship for some distant port. Or—he might even have done what he said in the letter—gone to Jerusalem and then headed for the desert with some caravan. You must send out your fastest messengers at once and cover every road from the great delta to Damascus—farther if need be! But we'll bring him back! Fool that he was to think that he could match his wits with yours—spirit away your wealth beneath your very eyes! We'll show him! We'll make that very gold he dares to sport so brazenly the instrument of his destruction! (*As* SIMON *makes no move except to lift his head, she speaks more sharply.)* What is the matter? Why do you sit there like that when each moment is carrying him farther and farther away! Don't you realize that even now it may be too late!

SIMON: Too—late! Ah, yes—you are right. It is—too late.

SUSANNA (*sharply*): Come! Are you going to send out your messengers or shall I? (*Struck with a thought)* Wait! I have a better plan. My father has done favors for a captain of the Roman garrison. He will use his influence. We'll send out soldiers over every road. Wait here! I'll go and get my father. (*She starts toward exit, center.)*

SIMON (*suddenly conscious of what she is doing, rising*): No! No! What are you saying! Surely you don't think—I could follow him!

SUSANNA (*wheeling abruptly*): Not follow him! You're—mad!

SIMON (*wearily*): It was my fault. I should have seen—how much he—hated me. Perhaps it *did*—belong to him—more than to me. It's as he said. I *was* the same as—dead. Perhaps—it would have been better had I stayed so.

JUDITH (*brokenly*): No, no! Simon, you must not speak so!

SUSANNA (*coldly*): You mean—you are going to let him walk away with all the gold you own—and not even lift a hand to stop him?

SIMON: Amon has gone. Betrayed me. Taken all I had. But—he is my brother—and I love him.

SUSANNA: Better than you love me, I fancy. Surely the man who really loved would not condemn his wife to poverty.

SIMON (*going toward her and speaking earnestly*): Susanna! You know you are more to me than all the world.

SUSANNA: More than this peasant who has taught you such strange things? Am I? (*As* SIMON *hesitates)* Ah, you are not sure. All right, then. I will make you sure. You must choose between us!

SIMON (*unbelievingly*): Susanna!

SUSANNA (*tossing her head*): Yes. Now that I think it over, I don't believe I care to be the wife of one who goes continually chasing after peasants. It would be even worse than being poor, and poverty is something I could not abide. (*She comes nearer, and her voice becomes softer and more persuasive.)* You say you love me more than all the world. Then promise me you will have no more to do with this cheap Galilean!

SIMON: Susanna! You know not what you ask!

SUSANNA: Only that you should choose between us. Surely that isn't much to ask, if, as you say, your love is greater than aught the world contains. Pray, does it not contain this Galilean?

(SIMON, *realizing at last that she is in earnest, stands for a moment gazing at her in stupefaction, then turns away, his face a conflict of emotions. In the intensity*

(*Continued on page 38*)

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The Educational Frontier. By William H. Kilpatrick, et al. New York, D. Appleton-Century Company, 1933. 325 p. Price $2.50.

This book deals with the "props" of education. It starts in with the older theories of education, such as "knowledge" or "discipline," already gone. It then proceeds to pull out certain other supports that some people have thought were in to stay, such as, our modern vocational courses, much of our so-called education for citizenship, and, as crowning evidence of vigorous audacity, the basic idea of much progressive education itself!

Readers can well follow the thought of the book in the form of seven propositions.

First, education today has reached a condition of confusion and thus of weakness in the face of pressing needs.

This confusion has been caused by the lack of any single and controlling purpose of the school, so that as the needs of life increased and changed new items were added to the curriculum of the schools. A new subject could be added to the list by the simple expedient of having the others move along on the seat so as to make room for the newcomer. No one seemed to measure the seat, see what it was for, and judge how many it could or should hold. Thus, our schools have become compartmentalized, just as our lives have become compartmentalized. For example, we all studied advanced theories of economics in college, but to apply them to a criticism of the views or party dominant in one's community makes one a "radical." So we become insensitive to contradictions in our beliefs and practices, and in those contradictions lie our troubles, among which is the basic fact that the school expects the pupil to integrate into a system of thought and life what the school has been unable to build together into a curriculum.

Second, the new educational emphasis which is so sorely needed must itself be based upon and grow out of "the forces actually at work in American life."

There then follows a careful and searching analysis of the forces that have been at work since the founding of the Republic and of the outcomes of those developments in the present. The bad results are clearly set forth. Even apart from its meaning for education, this analysis is of immense value. It shows clearly the dangers that inhere to education, to the scientific spirit, and to human values themselves in the present devotion to profit as the motive and outcome of all industrial effort. Experimental inquiry and social planning must become the ends of both education and society.

Third, the educator must get a new idea of his task. He becomes a strategic leader in the task of growing in America a new culture that shall be based upon the past, adequate to the present age, and *aimed* at "a new conception of world humanity." And that, we would agree, is a man-sized order for any group of people. The core of the chapter, and of the book, is in the revolutionary sentence, "If we would wholesomely educate our children, we must as a condition thereto wholesomely order the civilization and culture in which they come to maturity."

Fourth, this view of education makes a new program of adult education a necessary part of the whole. It becomes, on this view, impossible and absurd to expect that a person is educated ance and for all for life. The need and the plan for such a program are set forth.

This month the Board of Editors has selected for extensive review "The Educational Frontier." While it is in the field of general education, it has real significance for leaders in religious education. We commend it for careful study.

Fifth, the difficult task thus far set forth for education lays a severe demand upon the aim and the administrative plan of the school.

Three chapters are given to this extensive order. The first two make it clear that it is reasonable to expect the school to do these things—

1. Guide the student in being at home in and master of the life of which he is a part.
2. Provide situations in which the student can direct his own action in accord with attitudes to which he becomes increasingly loyal.
3. Acquaint students with the place of intelligence in re-making the world, including ways in which man has failed to use his intelligence.
4. Develop intellectual, aesthetic, and practical interests in pupils.
5. Set up an environment in which pupils will appreciate the democratic way of life.
6. Experiment in re-shaping its own educational process.

Sixth, the present program for educating teachers and other educators must receive a new social emphasis if this profound change is to be put into effect.

Seventh, this treatment as a whole has rested upon a philosophy of education which in a final chapter is drawn out and stated in definite form. The following statements go as far as one can in such a brief review as this: "All education is an affair of action." Education is social action carried on between persons for the sake of social results. Everyday experience must provide the basis on which intelligent choices between alternative courses of action can be made. In adopting goals or ends for our education, we cannot do so apart from the means to be used in reaching them. In linking up thought and action, the newer education faces its most difficult problem. The method used and the subject-matter with which the teacher deals must be one.

In *Religious Education* for October, 1933, Dr. Coe has criticized the practical proposals of the book on the ground of their inadequacy for the stupendous task the authors have portrayed. One can agree with this criticism and yet be profoundly grateful to the authors for their presentation of a basic need of our society. The book is especially significant in its pioneering spirit and in its concept that real education requires social reconstruction. With this view, many leaders in religious education and editorial statements of the *Journal* agree. The book will influence the thought of many persons.

—P. R. H.

Craftsmen All. By Edward Shillito. New York, Friendship Press, 1933. 159 p. Price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 60 cents.

"Stories of men of many lands who are helping to build the church universal and are enriching it by many and diverse gifts—Christian devotion, prophetic preaching, art, poetry, and social leadership."

Young People and Their Leaders. By Harry Thomas Stock. Boston, The Pilgrim Press, 1933. 167 p. Price 75 cents.

Two questions which are likely to be asked regarding any book are these: Who is the author? What does the book contain?

Dr. Harry Thomas Stock, as many readers of this review know, is secretary of young people's work for the Congregational Education Society. He has had wide experience in work with young people, and has previously produced books which have found distinct usefulness for local church workers. He is one of the outstanding leaders of young people in America. These facts make it clear that he is fitted to write on the subject, "Young People and Their Leaders."

This book was written at the request of the Leadership Training Publishing Association, particularly for leaders of young people eighteen to twenty-four years of age. The table of contents gives an unusually clear idea of what the book contains, and is quoted here.

I. Leadership
   Prerequisites for Christian leadership.
II. The Spirit of Modern Life
   The extent to which young people are shaped by their environment.
III. The New World of Ideas
   Important developments which affect the thinking and living of young people and which should influence the church program.
IV. The Needs of Older Young People
   Basic factors which should determine the program of the church.
V. Achieving Christian Purposes
   A general summary of objectives of church work with young people, indicating types of methods.
VI. Religion in Personal Conduct
   The immediate problems of young people and wise ways of dealing with them.
VII. Toward Adulthood
   The leader as a wise counselor in the fields of education, vocation, and preparation for marriage.
VIII. Building a Christian Social Order
   Planning a program in the light of Christian principles.
IX. Laying Hold of Spiritual Resources
   How the church program may provide a rich experience of worship for young people.
X. A Christian Philosophy of Life
   How young people may come to a growing understanding of the meaning and purpose of life.
XI. Leaders in the Making
   How to use the initiative and ability of young people in carrying out the program.
XII. The Adult a Growing Person
   A program of self-development, by which to equip one's self to be a leader of youth.

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This book is recommended to every Christian leader of young people. —F. L. K.

Christian Education in Your Church. By Harry C. Munro. St. Louis, The Bethany Press, 1933. Price: regular edition, 80 cents; leaders' edition, $1.00.

A planned society is difficult to develop, regardless of the size of the social group. Villages and nations alike find it hard to develop unity of purpose and program among their citizens. Local churches and national religious bodies face a similar problem.

In *Christian Education in Your Church,* Mr. Munro makes a distinctive contribution to program building in the local church and to the development of a thoroughly integrated church life. At a time when there is much tinkering with organizations to meet changing conditions, this book interprets clearly the more important factors: namely, the purposes for which the religious fellowship exists and the kinds of experiences through which these purposes will be achieved. The author is concerned with transformation in human lives rather than with machinery.

The basic principle is that "Christian education is not merely a part of the church's program; rather it is the church's most effective method in seeking the realization of any of its aims." In harmony with the viewpoint of the INTERNATIONAL CURRICULUM GUIDE, Christian education is defined as "the whole process of learning to live the Christian life. . . . As experience broadens, responsibilities change and new situations are faced, continued guidance is needed. Christian living under guidance is Christian education."

An admirable quality in the treatment is the consistency with which the author develops this principle in discussing organization and program in the church. After noting inadequacies in the common practice of treating the educational program as the responsibility of an agency quite detached from other organizations within the church, he shows how some degree of unity may be secured through inter-organization relationships. Then he goes further. He proposes, since "the total program resources of the church are needed to supply the experiences which enter into the curriculum of Christian education," that "the entire church, including its program-making auxiliaries, be organized as an efficient and unified school in Christian living."

This implies that the church officiary will be representative of the various age groups, and that it will regard its work primarily as an educational enterprise. Governing and business functions, now so characteristic of official boards, will become secondary. The total program of the church will be integrated through the central church board, to which the constituent societies and organizations will be directly related.

Difficulties lying in the way of developing such a plan of organization are not ignored. Nor is there any disposition to set forth a type plan or program as a model to which churches should conform. The necessity for studying the local situation is emphasized. Primarily a textbook prepared under the auspices of the Leadership Training Publishing Association to provide basic material for Unit 6, International Standard Leadership Training Curriculum, one of its excellent features is the guidance students receive in analyzing the aims and needs of their own churches and in developing plans for improvement.

The scope of the book may be judged by the following chapter titles: "Difficulties Your Church Is Facing," "The Purpose of Your Church," "Christian Education and the Aims of Your Church," "How Christian Personality Develops," "The Curriculum of Christian Education," "Organizing the Church as a School," "Promoting and Expanding the Educational Enterprise," "Sharing the Educational Task with Home and School," "Your Church in Its Wider Relationships," "Means of Improving Your Church's Program." The treatment reveals throughout an understanding of the practical problems in church organization arising from the author's wide experience in denominational and interdenominational work as pastor and in numerous supervisory relationships.

In addition to the student's text, a leader's edition is published; this contains thirty-two additional pages which present teaching suggestions, discussion problems, statements of objectives for each chapter, and a bibliography.

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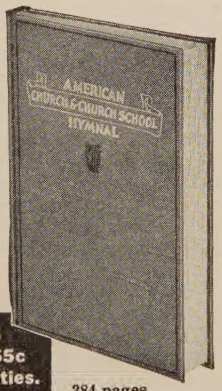

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Simon the Leper

(Continued from page 36)

of his emotion his hands clench and unclench at his sides.)

JUDITH *(brokenly)*: Susanna! You could not—.

SUSANNA *(petulantly, stamping her foot, her eyes fixed in triumph on* SIMON*)*: You have heard me. I am waiting. Now—choose!

SIMON *(after a long pause)*: This Galilean—whose name you speak so lightly—is my—savior. He made me what I am. The very life that pulses through my veins is his. Can a man deny his maker—his creator? God help me—no! Even though denial be the price of heaven! Must I choose between you?

SUSANNA *(with a defiant toss of her head)*: It is just as well. On second thought, I think I'd much prefer Ben Jerar. He's old—and he's a Greek. But, after all, as Amon said, gold would be gold in any age or language.

JUDITH: Susanna—don't! You cannot hurt him so!

SUSANNA: *(disregarding her)*: At least I'll never have to be afraid he'll give his fortune to a thief without demur—or spend it getting thrones for Galilean peasants.

SIMON *(brokenly, turning toward her)*: Susanna—

SUSANNA *(more gently, seeing his stricken face)*: I am sorry, Simon. If you could only be the way you used to be! But it's no use. You can't. Your suffering has changed you—that and your Galilean. We live in different worlds and talk a different language. But when I'm gone—remember—it was your own choice. It is not my fault if you persist in flinging love away as you have just flung your gold. You are welcome to your poverty and to your—Christ. *(She stands looking at him a moment, half sadly, half defiantly, then, head high, goes out center.)*

SIMON *(brokenly)*: Susanna—*(He follows her swiftly to exit, center, where he stands looking after her with arms outstretched. Then, realizing the futility of further argument, he turns back again, his arms falling heavily to his sides. He returns slowly, walking as in a dream, head bent, each step evidently an effort.)*

JUDITH *(with eager sympathy)*: Simon! *(She takes a few steps toward him, longing to comfort him, but he does not even hear her, and she draws away again.* SIMON *stands as if turned to stone. Finally, but apparently with no realization of what he is doing, he sinks down on bench, left, and covers his face with his hands.* JUDITH *comes to him timidly and lays her hand on his shoulder. After a moment* SIMON *looks up, his face convulsed with grief.)*

SIMON *(in a hoarse whisper)*: What—shall I do, Judith! What shall I—do!

JUDITH *(kneeling beside him)*: Oh—Simon! If I could only help you bear it!

SIMON *(the words coming in broken snatches)*: What do men do—when heaven changes suddenly to—hell! God—can you tell me? No—no—I shouldn't ask. How could you? You—the all powerful—all perfect—what have you to do with human failure, human suffering!

JUDITH: It isn't fair for this to come to you! My poor brother—you have suffered so much already!

SIMON: Suffered! Could I have really called that—suffering! I never knew the meaning of the word—till now. To have your own brother betray you—to lose the one you hold dearest on earth! Judith—there's nothing left!

JUDITH *(softly)*: I know, Simon, I know. That was the way I felt.

SIMON *(looking at her startled)*: You—felt—*(Suddenly regarding her with new understanding)* Of course. When Lazarus was in the tomb.

JUDITH *(nodding)*: And when it seemed more than I could bear, then—Jesus came. Oh, Simon—don't you remember how you said that he could heal all suffering?

(SIMON gets up from the bench and walks slowly to the other side of the stage, where he stands, back turned, in deep thought.)

SIMON: I did—say that. I wonder—is it true? He heals men's bodies. Can he also heal men's souls? Oh—Master—if you can, I need you now!

JUDITH *(speaking softly while SIMON still stands with head bent and back turned)*: Did not I myself hear him say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Surely he was not speaking only of the burdens of the body.

SIMON *(slowly)*: Yes—you are right. I believe he has the power—to take away this burden, too. I must go and find him, Judith. I can't wait till he comes back again. There will be no rest until I feel his healing touch.

(Suddenly MARY enters, center. Her face is disfigured from weeping. Her grief is so great that she can hardly speak. SIMON and JUDITH regard her with amazement. JUDITH runs and puts her arms about her.)

MARY *(brokenly)*: Judith—Simon—

JUDITH: Mary—Mary, what is it! What has happened? *(Looking wildly about)* Mary—where is Lazarus?

MARY: I—I can not tell you.

(MARTHA enters, center. She also has been weeping.)

JUDITH *(running to MARTHA)*: Martha, what is it? Where is Lazarus? *(She is sobbing in her anxiety)* Tell me—oh, tell me—quickly!

(SIMON helps MARY to the bench, right. She sinks down upon it, the strength suddenly gone out of her.)

MARTHA *(in a strained voice)*: Lazarus is—coming. He stopped to speak to a crowd of people in the street.

JUDITH *(relieved)*: Then he's—safe. For a moment I was afraid—*(Her anxiety freshly aroused by the look on MARTHA's face)* Martha, what is it! What makes you look—Martha! It's not—not—

MARTHA: Yes, it is. It's—Jesus. *(Her grief suddenly pouring out in words.)* They have killed him, Judith—killed him! He—he is dead. I myself saw him die. I saw them hang him on a cross and—and kill him. They—drove the nails—into his hands and feet. I—*(More excitedly)* I saw them, Judith! I stood right there and watched while they did it. I saw them nail him on a cross and watched him die. I—I *saw* him, Judith!

JUDITH *(brokenly)*: Martha! *(They put their arms about each other, clinging together in their grief.)*

(At MARTHA's first words, SIMON has turned slowly from the bench and stands staring stonily at MARTHA. His movements are mechanical, his face expressionless. All life seems suddenly to have gone out of him. JUDITH leaves MARTHA and turns to him.)

JUDITH: Simon! Simon! Did you hear what she said! Jesus is—dead. He is—*dead!*

(SIMON does not even hear her but continues to stand in stony silence. His eyes close, and very slowly in utter despair and hopelessness he bows his head. As JUDITH speaks these last impassioned words, LAZARUS appears quietly in entrance, center. There is about him a certain calm and confidence which sets him apart from the rest.)

LAZARUS *(holding out his arms toward them)*: And what *is*—death?

CURTAIN

Scene Four

It is early morning on the first day of the week. SIMON enters, right. His whole attitude is one of hopeless despondency. He crosses slowly to left of stage and stands looking down at the dead oleaster bush. Aimlessly he stoops and picks up one of the dead flowers from the ground. He stands holding it.

SIMON *(as if unconsciously giving voice to his thoughts)*: Dead—dead!

JUDITH *(entering right)*: Simon!

SIMON *(turning)*: You—are here? I thought you had gone with the other women to the—tomb.

JUDITH *(sinking down on bench, right, and speaking with a dull hopelessness)*: No. I didn't go. I thought—perhaps—you might need me. *He* would understand. I think—He would have wanted me to stay.

SIMON *(without emotion)*: I need nothing—no one.

JUDITH: Simon, you act so—so strangely! Sometimes you frighten me. You've hardly spoken once since—since that dreadful day before the Sabbath, and here it is now the third day.

SIMON *(always in the same dull lifeless tone)*: Why should I speak? There is nothing—to say.

JUDITH: Your grief is like something hard and cold—frozen within you. It frightens me to see you so. It helps to weep a little, Simon. I've found it so. This morning when I came early to the garden and found the flowers all drenched with dew, I thought they too, perhaps were shedding tears—for Him. He—He used to love them so. Only the day before He went away He stopped beside the oleaster bush and touched the blossoms with His fingers. *(She goes toward the bush.)* There's something strange about its dying on that day!

SIMON *(coldly)*: Why strange? It was the storm that killed it. It just wasn't strong enough—to stand the storm. *(Meditatively)* Not—strong—enough—That's it. *He* wasn't strong—enough! He healed the sufferings of others—then—Himself—had to suffer more than they. Others He saved—yet could not save Himself! *(He sits down despondently.)* And so—this is the end. And man is still the slave of suffering. Jesus himself was slave. He didn't conquer it. It conquered—Him. *(Leaning his head wearily on his hands)* Oh, Master—Master! I did not know how much I loved you! Now that you're gone—there's nothing—left!

JUDITH *(coming to his side and speaking tenderly)*: Simon—you still have me. We have each other. And all our memories of Him. Perchance we can find peace somehow—together.

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SIMON *(harshly)*: Peace! What can there be of peace—when joy is nothing but a fleeting mood of suffering and life is but another mask of death! Listen, Judith! *(He takes her gently by the shoulders and looks down into her face.)* Please God, you'll find your peace—and with it happiness. You still have Lazarus. He'll help you find it. And sometime Amon will come back again.

JUDITH *(in sudden terror)*: Simon! What do you mean! Why do you speak so strangely! You speak as if—Simon! What are you going to do!

SIMON *(turning away)*: I don't know—yet. I only wonder—is life worth the living? Perhaps—I shouldn't have come back. My coming has brought only pain and suffering.

JUDITH *(distressed)*: Simon! Don't!

*(*LAZARUS *enters, left. The look of calmness, of assurance, is still about him.)*

LAZARUS: Judith! Simon—my friend!

JUDITH *(turning to him eagerly)*: Oh, Lazarus, I am glad you have come. Have the women returned yet from Jerusalem?

LAZARUS: Not yet. But the morning is not far spent. *(Seeing her tears)* Judith—what is it? You are weeping!

JUDITH: How can I help weeping, Lazarus—when He is dead!

LAZARUS *(taking her hands and speaking patiently as to a child)*: Judith—Judith! And you too, Simon! Can I never make you understand? Death is not something to be feared, my child. *I—know.* It is not the end—but the beginning.

SIMON: You say—you *know!* Then tell us! In heaven's name, tell us! *(Coming closer and speaking in an awed whisper)* What happened, Lazarus, those three days when you were in the grave? What is death? And what is suffering?

LAZARUS *(lifting his face with a look of exaltation)*: Suppose I told you that there is no death—that there is only—life! *(He searches their faces eagerly for some sign that he is being understood, then shakes his head sadly)* You see, I can not make you understand. It can not be told in words. For has not God himself been trying through all the years to tell it? Now there's but one way left. Man must be shown.

(Suddenly MARY *appears in the entrance, center. Her face is transfigured with joy.)*

JUDITH: Lazarus, you speak so strangely. And there is joy upon your face. How can you! How can you look like that—when He is dead!

MARY *(coming toward them and holding out her arms)*: Nay, nay! Not dead. No longer dead—but *risen!* The Christ is *risen!*

(The three turn to meet her, and there is a startled silence as each tries to fathom the full significance of her words. JUDITH *draws a quick breath, then joy flames into her face, and she goes to meet* MARY *with outstretched arms.* LAZARUS *shows no surprise, only a deeper sense of exaltation. To* SIMON *the revelation comes more slowly but with even greater emotion. He stares at* MARY, *his face a mixture of desire and hope and incredulity.)*

JUDITH *(half sobbing in her joy)*: Mary! Mary!

LAZARUS *(quietly)*: My God, I thank thee. It was the only way. And now—man *has* been shown!

SIMON *(suddenly seizing* MARY *by the arms, the words tumbling from his lips)*: What is that you say? Say it again—but—in heaven's name do not let us hope unless it is true!

MARY: It *is* true, Simon. Look in my face and see! It is *true.* He is *risen!* We have seen Him! Ask Martha. She will tell you.

MARTHA *(appearing, breathless, center)*: Yes, yes, it is true. We have seen Him! He is risen!

*(*SIMON *turns away, his face a conflict of emotion. During the following speeches he stands looking away, struggling with his emotions and trying to fathom for himself the meaning of the new revelation.)*

JUDITH: Oh—tell us all! What happened? Tell us quickly!

MARY: You tell them, Martha. I—it's so wonderful—it seems as if I couldn't talk about it—yet.

MARTHA: Well, as you know, early this morning we went into the city to meet the other women, that we might take spices to anoint His body. We were to meet them in the garden by the tomb. But no sooner had we reached the garden gate than we saw two coming to meet us—Mary the Magdalene and Mary the mother of James—and we were frightened. For we knew by their faces that something had happened. But when they came nearer we saw that it was joy on their faces, and they told how the tomb was empty and the watchers lying on the ground like dead men, and on the stone an angel was sitting. And the angel said, "Fear not. For I know that you seek Jesus that was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said." And then he told them to go quickly and tell his disciples. And we went with them—as fast as we could—and as we went—as we went—

JUDITH: Yes, yes, Martha! What happened?

MARTHA *(with a sudden touch of reverence in her voice)*: As we went—Jesus himself met us in the way and said unto us, "All hail!" And we went and fell at his feet—and worshiped him. And he said unto us, "Be not afraid. Go—tell my brethren to depart into Galilee, and there they shall see me."

(There is a deep silence after she finishes speaking.)

LAZARUS *(confidently)*: Of course. I should have known. He *must* have risen! How else could men be shown their crosses glorified! He has made life's very burdens steps on which a man may climb to heaven! Simon—my friend—do you not see?

SIMON *(thoughtfully, as if slowly groping in his own mind toward the truth)*: Yes—I begin—to see. I have been blind, but now—I think I understand. *(With growing conviction)* The Master did not come to take away man's suffering. He came to suffer—with us—to help us bear our suffering! Nay—more! To help us *use* it! His greatest power came when he suffered most! He won divinest kingship when he wore a crown of thorns! His love became redeeming only when his heart was broken!

(Suddenly a cry sounds offstage. It is like a wild note of despair. At sound of it, those on the stage draw back in fear and horror, all but SIMON, *who turns his face expectantly toward entrance, center.)*

JALON *(offstage)*: Unclean! Unclean! *(After a pause, the voice coming nearer)* Unclean! Unclean!

*(*JALON *appears in entrance, center. He is the embodiment of ugliness and wretchedness and despair.)*

SIMON *(taking a step in his direction but not approaching him further)*: Jalon! My friend!

JALON *(hopelessly)*: He's gone! God help me, Simon! I was too late! He's dead! They've killed Him!

SIMON: No, no! Jalon, my friend, not dead! I have good news. Jesus is risen! He lives again! The Christ is risen!

JALON *(in wild hope)*: He is risen! Where is He? Show me quickly! You mean—it's not too late? It's not too late for Him to heal me?

SIMON *(earnestly)*: Listen, Jalon—listen! He can do more than heal! There is a still greater message in His resurrection.

JALON: More than—heal! What *could* He do more than heal! If He'll just heal me that is all I want.

SIMON: Jalon, my friend! He has shown us a far better way. He has shown us how to conquer suffering—by using it! Pain can be made a blessing with the Christ to share it! Only through suffering can we become the most like Him—help others most! Can't you see, Jalon? He used the cross himself. He even used—death!

JALON *(despair showing in his face)*: You mean that it's—too late? I must—go back—to—*them?* God have mercy on me!

SIMON: You must go back and help them, Jalon! Do you not see! Your very suffering has made it possible for you to help them!

JALON *(bowing his head)*. I must go back—and help them? Help them—what?

SIMON *(turning away)*: My God—tell me—how can I make him understand? How can I make it plain to him—to all of them—this truth the Christ has shown us? *Shown—us—(suddenly the significance of his own words comes to him, and a look of growing horror, fear, and revulsion crosses his face. He shrinks back involuntarily. Then, speaking hoarsely)* Oh, my Master—my Master—is *that* the way? The only way? Must men be—always—*shown*—

JUDITH *(coming closer and looking up into his face)*: Simon, what is it? What makes you look like that? Send him away, Simon—that man. He is—terrible. I cannot bear to look upon him.

SIMON *(not hearing her, the look of horror and revulsion changing slowly to one of joy and consecration)*: Yes. It is the way—*He*—took. It is the way of love—the only way. Jesus has shown us that we can serve only as we share the life of those we help. For some who follow Him it will mean the giving of themselves to walk in constant fellowship with the poor, the ignorant, the stranger. For others it will mean the humble paths of faily life, sharing the toil of common laborers, helping to lift from weary shoulders those age-old burdens of injustice, poverty, and pain. But for me it means—*this! (He lifts his face in a long moment of consecration, then turns and walks toward* JALON *holding out his arms)* Jalon—my friend—my brother!

JALON *(drawing back)*: Simon! Do not touch me! Are you mad! Have you forgotten that a leper's touch is—death! *(As* SIMON *comes steadily toward him, he draws back still further and stands in the entrance at the top of the steps, shielding his body with his hands)* Unclean! Unclean!

JUDITH: Simon! Simon! *(She goes to* LAZARUS' *side, and he puts his arm about her. In* LAZARUS' *face there is only sympathy and understanding for what* SIMON *is about to do.)*

*(*SIMON *goes to the side of* JALON *and puts his arm about him.)*

SIMON *(tenderly)*: I'm going back with you, Jalon. We will go—together and we'll show the Christ to them. We will suffer with these people—live with them—and die with them! And we will triumph with them! We'll triumph with the *living* Christ—together! *(He stands by* JALON'S *side, one arm about the other's shoulders and the other outstretched, his face lifted triumphantly as toward an unseen Presence.)*

CURTAIN